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THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

O lonely bay of Trinity,
O dreary shores, give ear;
Lean down upon the white-lipped sea
The voice of God to hear!

From world to world his couriers fly,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of His stormy sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the herald of the Lord?
"The world's long strife is done;
Close-wedded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one.

"And one in heart, as one in blood,
Shall all her peoples be;
The hands of human brotherhood
Are clasped beneath the sea.

"Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain
And Asian mountains borne,
The vigor of the Northern brain
Shall nerve the world outworn.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall thrill the magic thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead."

Throb on, strong pulse of thunder! beat
From answering beach to beach!
Fuse nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glide tamed and dumb below!
Bear gently, Ocean's carrier-dove,
Thy errands to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep so far,
The bridal robe of earth's accord,
The funeral shroud of war!

For lo! the fall of Ocean's wall
Space mocked and time outran;
And round the world the thought of all
Is as the thought of one!

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the sea of Galilee
The Christ is whispering, Peace.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER III.

THE RED BUFFALOS.

The startled Mexicans looked at each other with dumb terror; for several minutes after the disappearance of the cacique they remained thus gloomy and hesitating, fearing a trap, and not daring to put faith in the words of an Indian.

At length the hacendero, ashamed of showing the terror he felt, haughtily raised his head, and angrily stamped his foot.

"Viva Dios!" he shouted, "are we timid women to let ourselves be frightened by the threats of a maniac? I will go on, even if I should be murdered."

And before any one dreamed of preventing him, he forced his way with great difficulty through the branches, machete in hand, and ready to sell his life dearly. But Running Water had told the truth; the passage was free far as eye could extend, and the path was entirely deserted. Don Annibal rejoined his comrades.

"There is nobody," he said, with an accent of regret. "Aid me to throw these trees over the precipice, and let us continue our journey. Let us make haste though, for, if I am not mistaken, we shall find the resistance which is not offered us here at the village."

The path was soon cleared, and the trees hurled into the barranca, down which they rolled with a sinister noise. They continued their march, and at the end of an hour reached the plateau on which the village stood. But they found the huts a pile of smoking ashes, while a long line of flame was rapidly running along the side of the hill, and devouring the crops. The Red Buffalos had not waited for the arrival of the king's people; they had themselves destroyed everything.

The Mexicans only found shapeless ruins; as for the Indians, they had disappeared, and it was impossible to discover in what direction, they had fled. The old officer gazed for a moment pensively at this scene of desolation, and then walked up to Don Annibal.

"Senor de Saldibar," he said to him solemnly, "take care!"

"Take care! I?" he answered haughtily, "nonsense, lieutenant, you are jesting."

"I am not jesting," the soldier answered sadly. "I have known the Indians for a long time. They never forgive an insult. For them to consent to consummate their ruin, and unresistingly abandon a spot which must for so many reasons be dear to them, they must be meditating a terrible revenge upon you; so, I repeat, take care."

In spite of his ferocious courage and indomitable pride the hacendero was struck by the tone in which these words were pronounced by a man whose courage could not be doubted; he felt a shudder pass over his limbs and his blood run cold in his veins; for a moment remorse entered his heart, and he regretted having driven to desperation these peaceable men, who only asked for their share of air and sunshine.

But stiffening himself almost immediately this emotion, of which he had not been master, the haughty Spaniard smiled bitterly, and answered the officer with a look of defiance—

"What can such wretches effect against me? It is not I who have to fear; but they will have cause to tremble if ever they cross my path again; but as we have nothing more to do here, let us be off, for it is growing late."

The officer made no answer; he bowed, remounted his horse and ordered the bugles to sound. At the base of the hill the band separated; the escort returned to the fort of Agua Verde, and the hacendero, only followed by his wife and his mayor-domo, started in the direction of the Hacienda del Bario. The juez de letras and the two alguazils, who had not quite recovered from their terror, preferred to follow the soldiers in spite of the offer Don Annibal made them of receiving them into his house.

The journey was sad, for the hacendero was dissatisfied, though he did not wish to show it. His plans had succeeded, it is true, but not in the way he had intended; hence, his vengeance was not complete.

These people, whom he wanted to drive from their hearths, on whom he wished to inflict chastisement for the insult offered his wife, had destroyed their village with their own hands, and they robbed him thus far of the pleasure of doing it.

Dona Emilia was sorrowful and thoughtful; this hatred, accumulated on her husband's head, which would doubtless fall on her, though she was innocent, terrified her. She did not dare express her feelings aloud, but she gave full scope to her thoughts, and with the exquisite sensibility and prophetic intuition which loving women possess, she foresaw a future big with misfortune and gloomy catastrophes.

The mayor-domo appeared as careless and indifferent on the return as when he went to the village. Still, any one who could have examined him carefully, and seen the wicked flash of his eye when he took a side-glance at his master, would have suspected that this man was playing a part, that he had taken a greater share in recent events than was supposed, that his indifference was feigned, and that he alone of the three travellers had a glad heart, although his countenance was sorrowful.

Any one who had had this idea would perhaps not have been completely mistaken, for we must not forget that Senor Sotavento was an Indian, although he appeared a Christian, and almost civilized.

Nothing occurred to interrupt the monotony of the journey, no annoying accident troubled the tranquillity of the travellers, who reached the Hacienda del Bario a little before sunset, at the moment when night was beginning to hide the valleys in the transparent shadows of dusk, while the tops of the mountains were still tinged with a pinkish light.

The hacienda was a substantial building of hewn stone, such as the first conquerors liked to erect to prove to the conquered that they would never abandon the soil of which fortune had rendered them masters. This house seemed a fortress, so massive was it; and built on the top of a rather lofty hill upon a rock hanging over the abyss, it could only be reached by a narrow, rugged track cut in the rock on which two horsemen could not ride abreast. This track wound round the side of the hill and led to the great gate of the hacienda, which was defended by a drawbridge, usually down, but which it would have been an easy task to raise. The walls, which were thirty feet high and of proportionate thickness, were surmounted by those *almenes* or battlements which were a sign of nobility, and which the old Christians, that is to say, the true Castilians, never failed to place above their houses; for the hacienderos must not be confounded with our farmers, for that would be a great error.

THE CASCABEL.

The hacienderos of New Spain are great land-owners, whose possessions are often more extensive than one of our counties. In the time of the Spaniards, they led the life of feudal lords in the midst of their vassals, acting as they pleased, and only accountable to the viceroy, who, residing in Mexico, or a great distance off, had something else to do than look after the way in which these feudatories managed their estates. The latter cultivated their land, worked their mines, fattened their flocks, and reared their horses, without any one dreaming of asking any account of them as to the means they employed to augment their fortunes, or the manner in which they treated the Indians who fell to their share upon the grand division of the Mexican population among the conquistadors.

On this subject we will hazard a parenthesis. Since Mexico has proclaimed her independence, slavery is abolished *de jure* in the country, but still exists *de facto*. In this way: The rich land-owners whom the philanthropic law utterly ruined, instead of crying out and complaining, hit on a clever and successful plan.

The hacienderos assembled their slaves and informed them that slavery was abolished, and that consequently they were free, and could go wherever they thought proper. The poor devils were, at the first moment, stunned by the news, and did not at all know what would become of them. In fact, while they were slaves, they lived without having the trouble of thinking. They worked, it is true, but they were fairly fed, clothed after a fashion, and taken care of when ill. Now they were free, they would have to seek the food, clothing and medicine which they had hitherto ready to hand without the trouble of looking for it. The question was a delicate one, for they had nothing at all.

The hacienderos appeared to take pity on their hapless fate; they were moved with compassion, and told them that, as they would require peons to do the work the slaves had hitherto done, they would engage them at the rate of three reals a day, but they would have to feed and clothe themselves. "Moreover," the hacienderos added, "to facilitate your getting a start in life, which is rather difficult, we will advance you all your require, and stop it out of your wages. In this way you will be free, and you can leave us whenever you think proper, after paying off the advances we have made you."

The ex-slaves accepted with transports of joy and became peons. Then it came about that they could never pay off the advances, and as they still wanted food and clothing, the debt increased like the memorable snowball, and the peons were forced to give up all thoughts of leaving their masters, as they had no other than personal security to offer.

The only persons who gained by the transaction were the hacienderos. The reason is very simple: it has been calculated that the cost of maintaining a slave is six reals a day, and the peons cost them three. Hence there is a clear profit of one half; moreover, the masters supply the food and clothing, and heaven alone knows what price they charge the peons.

This is the way in which the Indians, who were slaves in the Spanish possessions, have become free.

Days, weeks elapsed, and not a word was heard of the Indians; they seemed to have disappeared for ever. By autumn the recollection of the expedition faded away, and then it was utterly forgotten, and nothing was said about the Red Buffalos or their threat of vengeance, which was regarded as braggadocia.

A year passed away, and we reach the second half of 1808. The political horizon was beginning to grow overcast; in spite of the care the Spanish government took to isolate the colonies, and prevent European newspapers entering them, the arrival of French troops in Spain was vaguely discussed; minds fermented and attempts at revolt were made in several provinces. Don Annibal, who at this time was at Leona Vicario, whither he had taken his wife a few months before for her confinement, resolved to leave the town and return to his hacienda.

He was the more eager to carry out this resolution because the Indians of the Presidio de Rio Grande, only a few leagues from his estate, had risen in revolt, and after burning the fort and massacring the garrison, had spread over the country like a torrent which had burst its dykes, and were plundering and destroying everything they came across. An atrocious fact was stated in connection with the capture of the Rio Grande Fort, which heightened the haciendero's apprehensions, by leading him to suppose that his old enemies, the Red Buffalos, were connected with this sudden insurrection.

Count Don Rodrigo de Melgosa, commander of the Presidio, and brother of the governor of the Intendancy, was detested by the Indians, whom he treated with the utmost rigor, and it was rumored that he had several times been guilty of unjustifiable acts of cruelty and barbarity. When, after a desperate resistance, the Indians stormed the fort, they killed Colonel de Melgosa by pouring molten gold into his mouth, saying that, "Since he was so fond of gold they were determined to make him eat it," and the unhappy man died under horrible sufferings.

Then the Indians cut off his head, wrapped it up in a zarape, and sent this horrible trophy of their victory to the colonel's wife, who happened to be staying with her father-in-law at Mondovo. At the sight of this scalped and fearfully mutilated head, the unhappy woman all but went mad.

It was in vain that the governor—whose only son, quite a lad at the time, was at the time in the fort with the colonel, and had disappeared, carried off by the Indians, or, as was more probable, had been sacrificed to their implacable vengeance—tried by all the means in his power to discover the man who had undertaken to deliver this horrible message; all his researches were fruitless, and the unhappy father, a prey to impotent despair, remained in the most perfect ignorance as to the fate of his child.

Strange to say, the murderers had designed on the victim's forehead a buffalo with their scalping knives. Don Annibal knew that the buffalo was the *totem*, or emblem of the Indian tribe which he had so brutally expelled from his domain a year previously, hence his anxiety was great, for it was evident to him that the Red Buffalos were the authors of the death of the unfortunate Colonel de Melgosa, and of the loss of his nephew.

He completed his preparations in all haste, said good-bye to Dona Emilia, whom, in spite of her entreaties, he would not consent to take with him, and started. Nine days later he reached his hacienda, where bad news was awaiting him; all was in disorder. This was substantially what he learned:

Most of his cattle had been carried off, as well as his remudas of horses; several peons had been killed in trying to prevent the robbery of his animals; his fields had been fired and his vines uprooted, indeed the destruction was immense; and in order that the hacendero might be thoroughly aware who the culprits were, a long pole was found planted in the middle of a field, from which was suspended a half-tanned elk skin, on which a buffalo was drawn. This time there could be no mistake; it was really the totem of the hacendero's enemies for the buffalo was red.

The hacendero burst into a frightful passion, and swore to take exemplary vengeance for this insult. He immediately wrote letters to several neighboring hacienderos exposed like himself to the depredations of the marauders, and sent off couriers in all directions. The hacienderos, who were as desirous as he was to be freed from these demons, whose audacity, heightened by impunity, no longer knew any limits, and threatened, if they were left alone, to ruin the entire province, did not hesitate about joining Don Annibal de Saldibar, and a veritable man-hunt was organized against the Red Skins.

The Count de Melgosa, burning to avenge his brother's death, and, moreover, hoping to recover his son, placed two squadrons of dragoons at the service of the confederates, whose numbers were thus considerably augmented, and Don Annibal, who took the command in chief by general acclamation, found himself at the head of a real army.

The hostilities commenced immediately. The confederates divided into three bodies and set out in search of the Indians. The preparations for the expedition had been made with such secresy, that the Red Skins, who were far from suspecting what was going on, were surprised only a few leagues from the Hacienda del Bario, in a valley on the banks of the Rio del Norte, where they had established their camp.

Although suddenly attacked by an enemy superior in strength, the Red Skins did not the less try to defend themselves, and bravely oppose the white men. The combat was terrible, and lasted a whole day; the Indians fought with that energy of desperation which doubles the strength and equalizes chances; they knew they had no quarter to expect, and hence preferred death to falling alive into the hands of their implacable foes. The massacre was terrible, and nearly all the Red Skins succumbed; some, but they were a small number, succeeded in escaping by leaping into the Rio del Norte. The Mexicans took no prisoners; men, women, and children, were pitilessly sacrificed.

After the battle, Sotavento, who had truly done his duty by his master's side, brought him a boy of about five or six years of age, who was crying bitterly, and who had been delivered to him during the massacre by a Canadian woodranger. He declared that he had not the courage to kill the child, the more so because his pale skin might lead to the supposition that he was the son of an European. The hacendero shook his head angrily at the sight of the boy; still, not daring to prove himself more cruel than his mayor-domo, he consented to the poor little wretch being spared, and even carried his clemency so far as to allow him to be taken to the hacienda.

This battle ended the campaign. The confederates separated, satisfied with having exterminated their enemies and taken such a prompt revenge for their outrages. The Red Skins, at least for a lengthened period, would be unable to take their revenge, and the lesson had been perfect.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CASCABEL.

The French Revolution not only shook the old European thrones, which it made quiver to their foundations, but the terrible blow it dealt the world was so violent, that the counterstroke was felt even in the indolent and voluptuous Spanish colonies.

In response to the echoing footsteps of those generals of the young French Republic who marched from prodigy to prodigy, improvising soldiers and organizing victory, a lengthened electric current ran along all the coasts of the New World, and revealed to the inhabitants that, like their brethern in North America, they too might some day become free.

Like a deafening thunderclap, leaping across the Atlantic ocean, the echo of the battles of giants of that sublime epic power called the Empire, caused the hearts of Americans to beat, and inflamed them with a noble ardor which the Spanish viceroys were powerless to extinguish.

The occupation of the Peninsula by French armies, by forcing Spain to defend her own territory, which had almost entirely fallen into the enemy's power, obliged her to concentrate all her strength in order to sustain the extraordinary struggle that was preparing, and compelled her to abandon her possessions beyond the seas to their own resources, while she could only form sterile vows that they might not slip from her grasp.

The colonies, which had long been worn out by the yoke the mother country implacably made them wear, considered the moment favorable; generous hearts were affected, and in an instant Peru, Mexico, Chili, Buenos Ayres formed secret societies,

whose common branches, passing through all classes of society, ended by enveloping the colonial governments in an inextricable net.

Then, when all preparations had been made, when the chiefs had been elected, soldiers enrolled, and the head-quarters of revolt chosen, a long cry of liberty was raised to heaven on twenty sides simultaneously; the insurgents rose, calling their brethren to arms, and the systematic opposition of the conspirators was all at once followed by an obstinate war without truce or mercy, of the conquered against the conquerors, of the oppressed against the oppressors, whose watchword was Liberty or Death!

A holy war, an extraordinary struggle, in which the Americans, inexperienced, and having no acquaintance with arms, had but one insatiable desire, to shake off the yoke, an energy which no reverse could crush; and an unflinching resolution to oppose the old Spanish bands, hardened by long fighting, and whom the habit of warfare rendered almost invincible in the sight of these men, in whom they inspired a species of instinctive and supernatural terror.

We will not describe here the history of this war, which was so grand, so noble, and so full of heroic devotion, affecting incidents, and traits of bravery, self-denial, and disinterestedness, worthy the most glorious days of antiquity; our task is more modest, and certainly more easy, for we will limit ourselves to pencilling a few private details of this grand drama, which have been neglected by the disdainful muse of history, but which we believe will serve to complete the magnificent tableau of the struggle of progress against barbarism in the first years of the 19th century.

The Mexican revolution had this strange thing about it, that the clergy gave the first signal of revolt. In the provinces the Curas preached insurrection to their parishioners, and seizing a sword in one hand, a cross in the other led them to the field.

Don Annibal de Saldibar, although a *cristiano viejo*, that is to say, belonging to a family originally Spanish, and of which not a member had become allied with the Indians during several ages, did not consider himself obliged to join his fellow-countrymen, but, on the contrary, attached himself to the insurrectionary movement.

Father Sandoval, chaplain at the Hacienda del Bario, was to a great extent the cause of this determination. In Mexico, where the towns are far distant from each other, each hacienda has a chapel served by a priest, whose duty it is to baptize, marry, confess, and guide the Indians, but, before all, keep them in order by the fear of future punishment. Father Sandoval, about whom we shall have a good deal to say during the course of this story, was a simple-hearted, kind, intelligent man, gifted with great energy of character, and his education had not been so neglected as that of the majority of the priests at this period.

In a word, he was an honest man and true priest before God; the Indians adored him, and would have gone through fire and water for him. Still young, belonging to a rich and respected family, possessing that severe and calm beauty which attracts confidence and excites sympathy, this man who, had he liked, could have attained the highest dignities of the church, preferred this obscure position through his devotion to that persecuted class which Las Casas loved so deeply, and for which he himself felt immense pity.

As friend and fellow-student of the Cure Hidalgo, who was destined to become so celebrated, he professed liberal principles and hatred of the Spanish yoke. Don Annibal, like all weak-minded men, unconsciously yielded to the influence of this chosen vessel, and had for him a friendship mingled with respect and veneration. Protector of the Indians, Father Sandoval defended them under all circumstances, and had often succeeded, by the mere force of his eloquence, in saving them from the severe punishments to which Don Annibal had condemned them in a moment of passion. He easily proved to the haciendero that it was to his interest to embrace the revolutionary cause. The latter, dissatisfied with the Spanish government, against which he had long been carrying on a lawsuit, raised no serious objections; and as certain natures only require a lash to make them go faster than is necessary, and pass the goal for which they are started, so soon as Don Annibal had consented to what Father Sandoval asked of him, he wished to force the latter to place himself by his side at the head of the hacienda peons capable of bearing arms, and proceeded to join the Cure Hidalgo, who had just raised the standard of revolt, and was preparing, at the head of his parishioners, armed with bows, arrows, and slings, to face the army of the viceroy.

As this project was excessively imprudent, the chaplain combated it; but the haciendero, one of whose slightest faults was obstinacy, declared that he must give a pledge to the revolution, and the best way was to range himself beneath the insurrectionist banners. Still, by force of reasoning, supported by the entreaties of Dona Emilia, whom the fear of a separation and the prospect of remaining alone and unprotected at the hacienda with her child, which was scarce fifteen months old, filled with terror, Father Sandoval succeeded in modifying Don Annibal's resolution, if he did not completely alter it. He made him understand that his hacienda, situated on the Indian border, close to several important presidios, ought to serve as head-quarters for the insurgents of this portion of Mexico, who would rally round him and hold the Spanish garrisons in check, so as to prevent them joining the troops General Callega and Count de la Cadona were raising to offer battle to the rebels commanded by Hidalgo, Allende, etc., and who were preceded by the Virgen de Los Remedios, attired as a generalissimo. In a country like Mexico, where religion is all in all, and at the head of an army most of whose generals and officers were priests and monks, this banner was not inappropriate.

Don Annibal yielded with great difficulty to Father Sandoval's objections; but, feeling flattered by the part he would be called on to play, he at length consented to follow the advice given him by a man who was wiser and more prudent than himself. The Hacienda del Bario was therefore converted into a fortress; Don Annibal incited the Indians to revolt, and organized on this frontier a partisan war against the neighboring garrisons, after having sent to join Hidalgo a body of two hundred well armed and mounted horsemen under the orders of his mayor-domo. We see that Don Annibal thus frankly threw away the mask and boldly burnt his vessels.

The war soon assumed much larger proportions than had been thought possible. The government had remained attached to the King of Spain, and most of the rich landowners followed this example; so that the insurrection, which was at first formidable, became to some extent isolated, and reduced to act on the defensive. Don Annibal was too greatly compromised to hope for a pardon, which, indeed, he was not at all inclined to solicit. On the contrary, he suddenly dashed from his eagle's nest on the Spaniards who scoured the country, and though not always the victor, he did them sufficient mischief to prevent them going too far from the presidios or leaving the province. The governor, at length wearied by the incessant attacks of his unseizable foe, resolved to finish with him, and besiege him in his lurking place.

Don Annibal, warned by his spies of what was preparing against him, resolved on a vigorous resistance; but as he really loved his wife, and did not wish to expose her to the hazards of a storm, and the sight of those atrocities which are the inevitable consequence of it, he arranged with Father Sandoval that he should remove her from the hacienda as soon as possible, and place her and her child in safety. When these arrangements were made, the two gentlemen proceeded in search of the senora, to tell her of the plan they had formed.

Dona Emilia spent a very dull life at the Hacienda del Bario. Her husband, who was elsewhere engaged, often left her for days, only seeing her for a moment at meals, and addressing a few unmeaning words to her during the quarter of an hour they were together. Fortunately for the poor lady, the hacienda possessed a magnificent garden. She spent nearly the entire day in it under an arbor of orange and lemon trees, reading pious books and watching her child, who was nursed by a quadroon to whom Dona Emilia was sincerely attached, and had married to a peon of the hacienda.

On the day to which we allude, at about two in the afternoon, the warmest hour of the day, Dona Emilia, according to her wont, was indulging in a siesta in a hammock suspended from two enormous orange trees, whose tufted crests almost entirely overshadowed the entire nook. A few paces from her, Rita, the quadroon, was carelessly rocking in a *butacca*, and giving the breast to the child.

As we have said, the heat was stifling. The burning sunbeams made the sand on the garden walks sparkle like diamonds; there was not a breath of air; the atmosphere, impregnated with the sweet exhalations of the flowers and fragrant woods, was intoxicating, and conduced to slumber. The birds, hidden under the leaves, had ceased their song, and were waiting till the evening breeze refreshed the soil; a solemn silence brooded over nature, and the fall of a leaf would have been heard, so profound was the calm. Rita, involuntarily yielding to the narcotic influences that surrounded her, had fallen asleep with the child still clinging to her breast.

All at once a strange, terrible, frightful thing occurred—a horrible scene, which we feel a hesitation to describe, although we had the fact from a credible witness.* The branches of a dahlia bush were gently and noiselessly parted, and in the space thus left free appeared the hideous and distorted face of Running Water. This man had, at the moment, something fatal and satanic in his physiognomy, which would have filled with terror any one who saw it. After remaining motionless for an instant, which he employed in looking around, through fear of being surprised, he laughed cunningly in the Indian fashion, and began crawling softly till his entire body had emerged from the bush. Then he rose, carefully repaired the disorder his passage had caused in the bush, advanced two paces, placed on the ground a rather large bag he held in his right hand, folded his arms and gazed at Dona Emilia, who was sleeping calmly and peacefully in her hammock, with a strange fixedness, and an expression of hatred and joy impossible to describe.

How had this man contrived to penetrate into the hacienda, which was so strongly guarded, and whose walls were almost insurmountable? Why had he entered alone the garden of a man whom he knew to be his most implacable foe? He doubtless meditated vengeance, but of what nature was it? Running Water, whom the haciendero had strove so hard to injure, and to whom he had done such hurt, was not the man to content himself with ordinary revenge. The Red Skins have refinements of cruelty and barbarity of which they alone possess the secret. What did he intend doing? What was his object? The Indian chief alone could have answered these questions; for the Red Skins are well acquainted with the proverb, that "revenge is eaten cold."

I know not what gloomy thoughts agitated this man while he gazed at the sleeping lady, but his countenance altered every second, and seemed to grow more and more ferocious. He made a move as if about to seize the bag on the ground in front of him, but suddenly reflected.

"No," he muttered to himself, "not that; he alone would suffer; the hearts of both of them must bleed. Yes, yes, my first idea is the best."

Then, after taking a parting glance at the lovely, sleeping lady, he stooped with a terrible smile, picked up the bag, which he placed under his left arm, and went away with a step light and stealthy as that of a tiger preparing to leap on its prey. Still, he only went a few paces. Turning suddenly to his right, he found himself in front of the nurse. The latter was still sleeping, intoxicated by the smell of the flowers which appeared to bend over her, as if to shed sleep more easily upon her. Rita was sleeping like a child, without dreams or fears. Rita was young and lovely; any one but a ferocious Indian, like the man who gazed at her at this moment, and devoured her with his eyes, would have felt affected by such confiding innocence.

With the upper part of her body indolently thrown back, with her eyes half closed and veiled by her long black lashes, and her rosy lips slightly parted so as to display her pearly teeth, the young quadroon with her slightly coppery complexion was delicious. We repeat that any one but Running Water would have felt subdued and vanquished by the sight of her. Her two hands, folded over the little girl, held her against her bosom, and seemed trying to protect her even in sleep. The infant was neither asleep nor awake. She was in that state of lethargic somnolency which seizes on these frail creatures when they have sucked for a long time. Clinging to the breast, on which she had laid her two small, snow-white hands, the child, with her eyes already closed to sleep, was imbibing a drop of milk at lengthened intervals.

The Indian regarded this group with a tiger's glance, and for some two or three minutes, involuntarily fascinated by this picture, whose innocence and candor no artist would be able to depict, he stood gloomy and thoughtful, perhaps hesitating in the accomplishment of the infernal work he had meditated so long, and to execute which he had treacherously entered the hacienda. But Satan, conquered for a second, regained his ascendancy in the Red Skin's heart.

"It is well," he muttered, in a hollow voice. "The babe will die. The death of the child kills doubly father and mother."

And he smiled once again that terrible and silent laugh which would have caused any one who saw it to shudder, and which was habitual to him. He fell back a step, and with a look around him he explored the neighborhood in its most hidden corners. Assured at length that no one could see him, he fell back till he reached the hole in one of the orange trees from which the hammock was hung, and which was exactly opposite the nurse; then he carefully concealed himself behind a tree, and laid his bag on the ground. This bag was of tapir hide, and fastened up with the greatest care.

The Indian stood motionless for a second, then drawing his dagger he did not take the trouble to cut the leather thongs that closed the bag; on the contrary, throwing himself back as if afraid of the consequences of the deed he was about to do, he ripped up the bag its entire length, and at once disappeared behind the trunk of a tree. The body of a cascabel, or rattlesnake, appeared in the gaping orifice of the bag. Indian manners brand as infamous any man who, excepting in combat, strikes and kills a child at the breast. Hatred is intelligent, and Running Water had found the means to satisfy his upon the poor little creature without breaking the rules of his tribe. He had gone in search of a snake, which was not difficult to find. He enclosed it in a bag of tapir hide so that it could not escape, and kept it for several days without food so as to restore to the animal, which he had surprised while digesting a gorge, all its original ferocity. When the Red Skin supposed that the snake was in proper condition, he entered the garden as we have seen.

The snake, suddenly liberated from the dark and narrow prison in which it had been so long confined, began unrolling on the ground its monstrous coils. At first half asleep and dazed by the bright light of day, it remained for a moment in a state of stupor, balancing itself to the right and left hesitatingly on its enormous tail, throwing its head back and opening its hideous mouth till it displayed its awful fangs. But gradually its eye grew brighter, and breathing a strangled hiss it glided towards poor Rita.

The Indian, with his body bent forward, heaving chest, and eyes enormously dilated, looked after it eagerly; at length he held his vengeance in his grasp, and no human power could take it from him. But a strange thing happened, which filled the Indian himself with horror. Upon reaching the nurse, the snake, after a moment's hesitation, gave a soft melodious hiss, apparently indicating pleasure; and rising on its tail with a movement full of grace and suppleness, enwrithed the nurse's body in its huge folds, gently pushed the sleeping babe aside without doing it the slightest injury, and seizing the nipple the little creature had let go, glued its hideous mouth to it.

Running Water uttered a cry of rage, and stamped his foot in desperation. He had forgotten the frenzied passion snakes have for milk, especially that of women. This time again the Indian's calculations were thrown out, and his vengeance slipped from him. What should he do? To try and tear the snake from the prey it had seized, would be incurring certain death; and then, fascinated by the horrible spectacle he had before him, the Red Skin felt incapable of collecting his ideas. He looked on, suffering from a frightful nightmare, and awaiting with the most lively anxiety the conclusion of this frightful scene. Rita still slept on, and the child even had not noticed its changed position, so gentle and measured had the snake's movements been, and was still slumbering. The cascabel, however, drunk with such ardor the quadroon's milk, that the blood poured down her breast, and she was aroused by the pain from her deep sleep. She opened her eyes and perceived the horrible animal.

Rita endured a second of indescribable agony and despair, for she felt that she was hopelessly lost. Then, wondrous to relate, this half-sleeping woman, seeing herself through a mist of blood in the power of the monster, suddenly formed an heroic resolution. She recognized with remarkable lucidity her fearful situation, and completely forgetting herself had but one thought, that of saving the child.* A woman is a mother before all. God has placed in her heart a flame which nothing can extinguish.

With her features distorted by terror, her temples inundated with cold perspiration, and her hair standing on end, she had the immense courage not to tremble or stir, and held back in her parched throat the cry of horror ready to burst from it: in a word, she remained in the same position as if she were still asleep.

The Indian himself, struck with admiration at this sublime emotion, felt his iron heart melt, and he almost regretted being the cause of this fearful catastrophe. The snake still enjoyed its horrible repast, and gorged itself with the milk mingled with blood which it drew from the breast of its hapless victim. At length its coils relaxed, its eye gradually lost its fascinating lustre, and with an almost insensible undulation it left the prey to which it was clinging. Completely gorged with milk, it rolled off to the ground, and crawled away in the direction of the shrubs. The mulatto then seized the child in her clenched hands, sat up straight as a statue, and uttered a fearful cry.

"Mother, mother!" she said with a sob that lacerated her throat, "take your child."

Dona Emilia, aroused by this cry, bounded like a lioness from her hammock, and seized her babe. Rita then fell back, with her breast bleeding, and her features distorted by pain, and writhed in frightful convulsions. Dona Emilia leant over her.

"What is the matter, in Heaven's name?" she asked her in horror.

"The snake, see the snake, mother!" the quadroon exclaimed, as she raised herself with a last effort and pointed to the reptile which was quietly gliding along the sand; then she uttered a fearful groan, and fell back—dead. Don Annibal and the priest, attracted by the cries, rushed into the arbor, and at once comprehended the frightful accident which must have occurred. The haciendero ran up to his wife, while Father Sandoval bravely attacked the snake and killed it. The Indian chief had disappeared with the bound of a wild beast, after exchanging with Dona Emilia a glance of awful purport.

The lady, with calm brow and a smile on her lip, nursed her babe, which was now awake, while singing one of those touching American tunes with which these innocent creatures are lulled to sleep. She was mad!

Don Annibal, crushed by this terrible catastrophe, tottered for a moment like a drunken man, then raising his hands to his face, with a cry of despair, he fell unconscious on the ground. His rebellious nature had at last been vanquished by grief.

"It is the finger of God!" the priest murmured, as he raised his tear-laden eyes to Heaven.

And kneeling by the body of the poor quadroon he prayed fervently. Dona Emilia was still singing and lulling her child to sleep.

Two days later the hacienda was invested by the Spaniards. Don Annibal defended himself for a long time with heroic courage, but the Spaniards at last stormed the fortress, and made a horrible massacre of its defenders. Don Annibal, bearing his wife across his horse's neck, and the priest carrying in his arms the baby and the boy saved a short time previously upon the defeat of the Indians, succeeded in escaping, through the courage of some twenty peons, who resolutely collected round them and made a rampart of their bodies.

Hotly pursued by the *tamarindos*, the fugitives wandered for a long time haphazard in the forests, tracked like wild beasts by their implacable victors; but at last, after extraordinary privations and innumerable dangers, they succeeded in reaching Santa Rosa, where the miners offered them a shelter. The revolt having thus been drowned in blood in this province by the Spaniards, they had a lengthened breathing time; for the patriots were dead or so utterly demoralized that a fresh insurrection need not be apprehended.

(END OF THE PROLOGUE.)

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*The person to whom we allude is at this moment in Paris, and could, if necessary, confirm our statement.

*However incredible this fact may appear, we repeat that it is strictly true.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 26, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $3.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 23, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of "The Death Shadow of The Poplars," "Sydnie Adriance," "The Planter Pirate," &c., &c.

"THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD."

An article under this title was recently published in an English Review, said article being remarkable somewhat for the piquancy and vigor of its style, but more for the low and degrading estimate which it placed upon the character of the young ladies of the present day. We now see it asserted that this article, republished in pamphlet form, has reached an edition of 20,000 copies, and has been translated into many of the leading European languages. The English correspondent of the *Tribune* says:—"And yet the 'Girl of the Period' was written by a woman. I could report her name on unimpeachable authority, but I don't wish to give needless pain to her friends and relatives, of whom some are in America."

It is said to have to confess that too many of the young ladies of the present day, with their high-heeled shoes, their disgusting "Grecian Bend," their frivolity, and their immodest manner on our public streets, give ground and occasion for such sarcastic strictures upon them. But, on the other hand, when we notice the far greater number of ladies, who are true to the refined and beautiful instincts of their sex, and who do not descend to every foolish whim and folly of Fashion, we can but protest against strictures which are grossly unjust, because they impute to a whole class what is only true of a small though of course prominent number.

NOT A BAD IDEA.

We were amused the other day with an account a friend gave us of a gentleman who some years ago boarded in the same house with him.

It was in the old days when politics ran high between the Whigs and the Democrats on the wonderfully important and exciting questions of a Tariff, a United States Bank, Internal Improvements, &c. Both parties being equally convinced that the country would go to blank, staring ruin, if its own particular views upon those highly important questions were not adopted.

Our friend noticed that sometimes the gentleman in question would talk and vote with the Whigs, and at other times with the Democrats; and was exceedingly puzzled at the apparent inconsistency.

At last he ventured to ask an explanation, and received the following very lucid and sensible reply:—

"It is as you say; I sometimes vote for one party, and then again for the other—and my reason is this: I have always observed that the country is best governed, when the two great parties are pretty evenly balanced. If either party gets a very large majority, its most ultra members obtain the control of it, and it begins to enact very extreme and unwise laws. When the parties are pretty evenly balanced on the contrary, one is a check upon the other, and the moderate and independent men in each control the action of their respective organizations and of the government.

"Therefore," continued this eccentric gentleman, "in every election, I try to ascertain which party is likely to be in the *Minority*—and with that party I cast my vote."

This was a somewhat unusual way of doing, was it not? Generally, men like to be in the Majority—especially if they have any longing for the spoils. But then the gentleman in question did not want any spoils—had in fact no other end in view than the good of the country—and we do not feel certain that his principle of action was not, on the whole, a tolerably wise one.

☞ THE BERKSHIRE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is in want of a travelling Agent for this state. We think it a very excellent company—especially in its non-forfeitable feature. See advertisement.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE WORKS OF CHARLES DICKENS, "David Copperfield," "Christmas Stories," "Tale of Two Cities," "Uncommercial Traveller." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS; With explanatory and glossarial notes, and a Life of the author. By JAMES CURRIE, M. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

MILTON'S POETICAL WORKS. Complete; With a Life of the Author. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

PETER SIMPLE, by CAPTAIN MARRYATT, and THE PIRATE, by SIR WALTER SCOTT. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

BEPPO, THE CONSCRIPT. A Novel. By T. A. TROLLOPE. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

SACRED POEMS. By N. P. WILLIS. Published by Clark & Maynard, No. 5 Barclay Street, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

GRACE OWEN'S ENGAGEMENT. Loring, Publisher, Boston; and also for sale by G. W. Pitcher, Philada.

LEAH; OR, THE FORSAKEN. A Romance of a Jewish Maiden. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. October, 1868. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE INVASION OF THE CRIMEA; its origin, and an account of its progress down to the death of Lord Raglan. By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vol. 2. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE GALAXY, for October. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

THE LIVES OF HORATIO SEYMOUR AND FRANK P. BLAIR, Jr. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Insane Women.

Certain strong-minded women assembled in Chicago, August 5, and after half an hour's deliberation decided that men have shown their inability to rule, and that the reins of government must be transferred to women. A woman's league was instituted; every member must take the subjoined oath: "We, the people, inhabitants of America, are prepared to rally around and support a new and divine government of Church and State—a combined theocratic and democratic government—men representing the State and women the Church—the Church controlling the State." Miss Buffon addressed the convention. She said: "Society shakes and trembles under the reconstructive hands of woman. The new government had assumed such gigantic proportions as was unsuspected by the opposing powers. 'Have we a Government?' was a question often asked by statesmen. She was happy to announce that the women had a Government, instituted and officered by women—a *de facto* government, acknowledged by thousands of men and women—a combined government of Church and State. It was running all right, and drawing into it philosophers and scientific men. The great central idea was, who should rule this earth—man or woman. A new era had been reached, or such a question could not be found. The blood of woman clamored for the right to rule the earth, and to so construct the State and Church as to prevent abominations from entering. Man had gone just as far as he dared, and was now waiting to take the oath of allegiance to the new government and become loyal subjects thereof, of which a woman is the head and the prime mover. They needed the protection of man, but if it was denied them they would go alone. Woman would never yield her position. Man might pout and rave and storm, but there she would stand immovable, with a ray of light enshrining her."

We should think the women composing the above league, were rapidly fitting themselves for an Insane Asylum. We suppose however it is only the "woman's rights movement" carried out to its natural results.

☞ Before Miss Menken died, she said: "I have lived longer than a woman of a hundred years, and it is time I went where the old people go."

☞ A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a doctor's bill, was asked by the lawyer whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the witness; "I consider the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits."

☞ Mr. Beecher's receipt for making coffee is as suggestive as it is *Beecherish*: "The best way I know of to make good coffee," said he, "is to go to the principal hotels, restaurants, railroad eating-houses, etc., and ascertain just how they make coffee—then *make it as they don't*."

PLANCHETTE.

BY E. STUART PHELPS.

Fifteen years ago somebody in Germany happened to hold a pencil at arm's length in a pair of scissors, and observed that owing either to the tremulousness of the hand, or to the vividness of the imagination, or to causes unknown, intelligent words traced themselves upon paper.

This was a crude Planchette. In 1860 or '61, a novel was published in England with the title of "Who Breaks Pays." On searching this volume the curious reader will meet with a young lady who beguiles her "weary hours" with a very well described Planchette.

In the winter of 67–8 the uncanny-looking word sprang into very black advertisements in our American cities; and to-day a counter without Planchette is a fossil. They trundle in the windows of the tract-house and tobacco stores, dance among opera scores and Sunday-school books—heart-shaped Planchettes, square Planchettes, Planchettes for eight dollars, and Planchettes for fifty cents, Planchettes of walnut, ash, mahogany, gutta percha, tin, glass—Planchettes on pegs, coils and pentagraph wheels. Planchette confronts you at the dancing-parties and in the minister's study, in the drawing-room and the "settin'-room,"—is a substitute for the weather and Charles Dickens in the "social circle"—and the end thereof who can foretell?

Like most discoveries, it is eminently simple. Why did nobody ever think to stick a pencil through a little board before?

It is said that the patentee, whose claim dates back to 1861, has not dared hitherto to bring the thing to light; fearing that the public would label it spiritualism and run away from it.

A word for the benefit of the uninitiated as to the use of the toy. Old "mediums" may skip to the next paragraph.

The tips of your fingers are placed very lightly upon it, the elbows raised from the table. Two pairs of hands are better than one. Few people can operate fluently alone. It has been noticed that when the hands are very heavy, either from natural weight or from weariness, each operator may use one with better effect. About five persons in eight are able to control Planchette. It may move for you at once, or it may stand like Atlas before your patient eyes for half an hour. When the board is thoroughly charged it trembles, clicks a little, slides away under your hands, hesitates, stops, tries again, warms with the subject, darts to and fro across the paper rapidly, traces embroidery patterns and crowsfeet, and whirls about in great circles which seriously threaten the equilibrium of your elbow joints. In this mood ply Planchette with questions. Your experience will not be unlike this?

"Will it rain to-morrow?"

Planchette—"Yes." (Distinctly written with no muscular action of your own.)

To-morrow dawns without a cloud, but you do not know that yet, and trustfully proceed.

"Of whom am I thinking?"

Planchette—"Bevelina Banga."

You are thinking of Miss Banga, and you know it, and so does everybody else, when, blushing up to your hair and down to your neck-tie, you hastily resign your position, and content yourself with interrogating Planchette through another operator.

You ask in silence, "Who will preach in King's Chapel the first Sabbath in next December?"

Planchette scribbles over half a sheet of paper with copy-book *ms*, has fits of reflection, has spasms of hope, struggles to write, but writes nothing.

Aloud—"Who will preach in King's Chapel next winter?"

Planchette (promptly)—"Beelzebub."

In view of this novel prospect, question the operators closely. The chances are that one or both of them had the word in mind.

Try once more. "What is the number of my watch?" (silently.)

Planchette falls to dancing a polka, but deigns no reply.

"Planchette," aloud, "what is the number of my watch?"

Planchette—"17,861."

The number of your watch is 4,580, but across the room, in the corner, sits a lady whose watch numbers 17,861."

Again. "Planchette, draw a picture of the next President of the United States."

Planchette immediately draws a man with a cigar in his mouth—not so artistically as might be, but still it is a man with a cigar.

A pretty young author in the company ventures timidly—

"How many copies of my book, 'The Creaking Hinge,' will sell this autumn?"

Planchette—"Twenty."

"Planchette," this from the incredulous man of a philosophic turn of mind, "how long shall I live?"

Planchette (confidently)—"Yes."

Incredulous Philosopher, with decision—"When shall I die?"

Planchette—"Never!"

Four Planchette parties out of five would not accomplish anything more important or more mysterious than this. The fifth will make prophecies, some of which will verify themselves—write the signatures of absent men in their own hand, tell the most secret thoughts of persons whose touch is not upon the board, write in any language known to the operator, and witness the board dancing to a whistled tune.

Occasionally, after becoming *au fait* at Planchette, an operator will find that a simple pencil answers his purpose as well. He holds it out with upraised arm—it writes easily, and at once. He may rest his entire arm and hand heavily upon the table, to convince himself that he is not cheating—but the arm sinks, the hand moves, the pencil intelligently follows his spoken or unspoken thought. Nervous or superstitious people, however, are hereby advised to let this experiment alone. It is not in all respects desirable to be in the condition of the young lady whose needle-book deliberately walked out of her work-basket one evening after she had been devoting herself to Planchette. That story, by the way, comes on "very good authority." I did not see that needle-book; I never saw King Theodore. Do I believe it? Ask Planchette.

What is this mysterious plaything? Ask it. It will tell you, Lucifer. But, waving that pleasant hypothesis for the present; what is the power which makes a piece of wood fly under your passive hands, and carry on intelligent conversations without your voluntary influence?

"Animal magnetism," says the gentleman who knows. "Electricity," pronounces the professor in spectacles. "Humbug!" sneers the D. D., who is too busy to test the matter. "Spirits," falters the young lady with the needle-book.

Magnetism it may be, but who is the wiser for that? What do we know of magnetism that should explain a lead pencil's reading the mind of a person at room's width? Electricity it may be, but how can electricity move a solid and very heavy glass machine? What has electricity to do with the insulated Planchette or non-conducting glass pegs? Humbug it may be, but what then of the "value of testimony," reverend sir? Spirits it may be, but we lack "the evidence on't."

Theories fail before this simple toy, opinions baulk, experience defies itself. One expert never controls Planchette till he is weary. Another loses his power with his freshness. An amateur likes wet weather for Planchette. The next is powerless in a storm. "Children operate most successfully," says one dealer; "the power does not lie in the soul or nerves." "The best mediums," you hear across the street, "are highly nervous people." Watch the next party which you meet around Planchette. A man without a fancy, stout, strong, well, calm, and his sick, nervous, emaciated, morbid wife, are equally successful.

One thing, however, seems to be certain. The power which possesses Planchette is identical with the power of table-tipping. Another thing is probable, that it is akin to the power of the spiritualistic medium.

Mrs. Smith, clairvoyant, anywhere on Washington street—an absolute stranger to you, and yours—will, for the sum of one dollar, write for you with the finger of one hand upon the palm of another, your own name, business, age, past history and future prospects, the names of your dead friends, the disease of which they died, together with as many aimless, uncharacteristic messages from them as you choose to sit and listen to.

Does she, under a law of physical condition which we have not fathomed, read your mind? Does Planchette, under the same law, interpret your thought or your neighbor's? Have we not here the hints of a problem which belongs not to superstition, but to science? Is not the time coming, and now at hand, when this whole series of phenomena will awaken no more surprise than the transmission of this sentence from my brain to the Watchman and Reflector?

Then the devil has nothing to do with it? He would be a bold theorizer who should assert that. The devil has to do with most things in this world. How far he is allowed to wrench any simple law from its system we cannot tell. Whether Planchette and Mrs. Smith are peculiarly open to his influence remains to be proved.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

[NOTE.—We do not believe one-third of the above. In the first place, the testimony of three men out of four as to what "Planchette" really does, is worth very little. Men generally are neither trained to observe accurately, or report accurately the result of their observations. While of ladies, nine out of ten always become so soon devout believers or utter unbelievers, that their evidence is even less reliable than that of the gentlemen present. In explanation of what little mystery really exists, we are inclined to think that the involuntary movement of the muscles of the arm and hand have more to do with Planchette's writing than either magnetism or spirits.—*Editor of the Saturday Evening Post.*]

☞ The foot of the Venus de Medici is in length one-seventh the height of the whole figure, and in width a little more than one-eighteenth.

☞ An exquisite at the White Sulphur Springs, Virginia, has a wardrobe carried in seven Saratoga trunks, containing 65 full suits of clothing, 12 dozen shirts, 25 gold and diamond shirt sleeve-buttons, 13 breast-pins, and enough rings to keep two of his fingers as closely hooped all the time as a wine cask.

☞ Philadelphia is to have a second silk factory, where dress goods and perhaps velvets will be made. The proprietors are from Lyons, and are old hands at the business.

☞ A Frenchman named Charlier has invented a new sort of horse-shoe which is much praised. It consists of an iron band let into a rectangular groove scooped from the outer circle of the horse's foot. This band is fastened with seven rectangular nails, driven into oval holes. The sole of the foot and the frog are thus allowed to touch the ground: the horse never slips, and never gets diseases of the foot. The new shoe has been tried by M. Laugnet, a large livery stable keeper in Paris, and has reduced lameness in his stables by two-thirds. The Omnibus Company, moreover, have shod 1,200 horses, and speak of the improvement in high terms.

☞ TOUGH STORY.—A Harrisburg paper has an account of a race between storm and steam, that came off on the Reading Railroad recently. When the train was leaving Port Clinton a heavy rain from the north deluged the last five cars, without reaching the first car and the engine. They ran ahead of the storm until they reached Hamburg, where, stopping for passengers, it again caught up to them. The same thing occurred at Mooresville and Leesport, and when they reached Reading, all the cars except the first and the engine were drenched with rain. As they were leaving Reading the rain caught them at the lower depot, and it was a neck and neck race from there to Philadelphia. The running time of the train from Port Clinton to Reading, including stoppages, is fifty-three minutes; distance, twenty miles. The storm, therefore, made just one second less than 2:40 time.

☞ It is stated that there are two mountains in Europe higher than Mont Blanc. These are Elbrouz and Kasbek, of the Caucasian chain. The first is 18,256 feet high; the second 16,540.

☞ The oldest of the big trees of California is computed to have grown 1,400 years. The big trees are not profitable investments after all, for although they yield a great deal of timber the cost of converting them into planks and joists is too great. They have to be bored down with augers, and you have to plank down $500 in gold to get one taken apart in that way.

☞ In the village of Newton, Md., there are forty marriageable widows and only eight widowers; sixty three marriageable young ladies and eight single gentlemen! or one hundred and three single ladies and sixteen single gentlemen!!—six and a half to one!!!

☞ Smoking by ladies in Boston is on the increase. An extensive cigar dealer in the city says he sells an average of three hundred per day for ladies' use; and thinks a thousand per day at least are puffed by the fair ones. This shows that female civilization in Shawmut is progressing.

☞ Never confide secrets to your relatives—blood will tell.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

INTERNATIONAL CRICKET MATCH.—The English Eleven against the American Twenty-Two were successful. The English made in their first innings 175—the Americans only 61, and in second inning 88—or 149 both. We hope to do better in Philadelphia. After the cricket match a base ball game was improvised by Harry Wright and eight of the All-England Eleven on one side, and nine on the other side, including one of the All-England Eleven. The result was a victory for the All-England nine by 38 to 10, their fielding being very sharp all round, and their batting of the finest type. The English cricketers will not play a cricket match against twenty-two of the military and civilians of Canada.

—The billiard match for the championship of America and $1,000, between McDevitt and Dion, was played at Chicago on Wednesday night. In the ninth inning McDevitt run 1,462 points. At the close the game stood McDevitt 1,502, Dion 408.

—The sales of Government lands in seven of the northwestern counties of Iowa have just been closed. The prices obtained for improved lands ranged from $5 to $12 an acre. There was a lively demand for lands even in sections remote from railroads.

—A despatch from Canada states that Whalen protests that he did not shoot Thos. D'Arcy McGee, but knows who did, and a confession is expected from him.

—H. A. Beckley, a Virginian, committed suicide at Baltimore on Wednesday night, after having lost $1,050 at a gambling table.

—Mrs. Fanny Kemble recently astonished a Massachusetts railroad conductor by purchasing four tickets for her party of three, because she wanted to occupy two seats for the sake of comfort.

—The widow of Audubon, the naturalist, lives in want, near New York, with twelve grandchildren dependent upon her and the exertions of one of her grand-daughters, who teaches music, for support.

—A man in Lynn, Mass., a few days ago made fifteen pairs of ladies' gaiters in less than ten hours, making seven dollars and fifty cents. This is said to be the greatest feat known to be accomplished by any shoemaker. In how many hours a "fast" lady could wear out the fifteen pairs of gaiters, has not yet been ascertained.

—A gentleman who applied at the central telegraph office in Paris, to have a message sent to Dayton, Ohio, was considerably incensed to be asked, "Where is Ohio? Who's the king of Ohio?"

—The company in Cincinnati which ran with the first steam fire engine ever used in the world is continually adding ornaments to its machine, which is now glittering with gold and silver. The smoke-stack alone is worth $300 as old metal.

—A sensation was created among the New Yorkers on the 18th, by the discovery of the perfect remains of a human foot and leg, embedded in some granite, which the quarrymen are blasting at the corner of Tenth avenue and Forty-Second street. The granite is pale color, and the human remains are perfectly black. The questions for the philosophers and the ethnologists now are, are these the relics of some primeval man, and was this primeval man black? or were there several distinct types (as Agassiz thinks) of human beings originally created?

POLITICAL.—Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana hold their state elections on Oct. 13, West Virginia on Oct. 22, and Iowa and California on Nov. 3.

—The Georgia House of Representatives has passed a bill excluding negroes from the jury box.

—The Republican Banner, published at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, is a Republican paper, and supports Grant, but opposes negro voting. It says:—"If the Republican party cannot succeed upon its union principles without the aid of negro votes, we for one prefer defeat rather than gain a victory by the means of persons wholly incapacitated from exercising the elective franchise."

—Returns from 400 towns in Maine give a Republican majority of 20,317. The towns to be heard from gave 57 Republican majority last year.

—John Quincy Adams has written a letter accepting the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

Palestine Exploration.

The following statement by Lieutenant Warren, is not very promising:—

"In studying the Holy Land it was most disappointing to find a dearth of evidence as to sites of places, and the more the matter was looked into the more difficult it became. There were points which were known beyond contradiction, such as Jaffa, Jerusalem, and others; but when details were sought there was the most conflicting evidence. All parties agreed that the Temple stood somewhere in a rectangular spot, called by the names of Haram and Moriah, and that the Mount of Olives was on the whole or part of a hill indicated on the map. It was probable, too, that the valley of the Kedron could be traced; but about all other points there were controversies; and if he made use of Biblical names in speaking of places, he did so because they were generally-received names, and not because they were established as such. The explorers must be content, he feared, to be baffled and perplexed for a long time to come before they could bring out Jerusalem as it was; for, startling as it might appear, they had not yet a single fixed point from which to commence. For instance, though the Temple was known to be on a particular space (the Moriah Area,) yet there was space there for three such sites; and Mount Sion was put to the north of Moriah by some and to the west by others of authority."

☞ An old habitue of Saratoga—we presume a crusty old bachelor—thinks that the principal object which women have in drinking spring water is to get husbands. And by long and careful observation, he also thinks that he can tell about how much water is required to make sure of a husband. He says an elderly woman with seven daughters has married off three of them by drinking the waters of the spring, and that it required an average of about 500 gallons to a husband.

☞ A Frenchwoman, who had lost one of her eleven sons, chaffered with the undertaker about the price of the burial, saying: "Now, look here, sir, you mustn't be too hard with me. I shall be a good customer; I've got ten children more."

☞ A boarder looked very discontentedly at a beef-steak, and the landlady, having observed him, said: "Don't the steak suit you?" "Yes," said the boarder, "it's good enough, what there is of it; and there's enough of it, such as it is."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. Sales comprise about 3000 bbls at $8,50@7,75 for superfine; $8@8,75 for extra; $9,@10 for fresh ground Northwest family; $10@10,75 for old wheat Northwest family; $10@11 for Penna extra family; 11@12 for Ohio extra family, and $12,50@14 ℔ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $9@9,50 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been light. About 30,000 bus of Penna, Western and Southern red sold at $2,20 for prime; $2,15@2,25 for fair to good, and $1,80@2,10 for common; 8000 bus of amber at $2,22@2,25, and 2000 bus of white at $2,30@2,50 ℔ bus. Rye—7000 bus old at $1,50@1,55 for Penna and Western, and $1,35 for Southern. Corn—About 50,000 bus sold at $1,28@1,30 for Western mixed, and $1,30@1,31 for prime yellow. Oats—35,000 bus sold at 74@77c for Western and Penna, and 55@55c ℔ bus for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet; sales of Mess Pork at $30@30,50. Mess Beef sells at $25 for city packed. Dried Beef sells at 21@22c. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 20@22c; Excelsior Hams at 23c; Sides at 17@18c, and Shoulders at 14½@14¾c. Green Meats; sales of pickled Hams at 19c, and Shoulders at 13c. Lard; sales of 600 bbls and tcs Western at 20@20½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter; sales of solid packed at 25@34c. Cheese; sales of prime factory at 17¾@18c. Eggs sell at 29@31c ℔ dozen.

COTTON—Market quiet. Sales of 650 bales at 26@27c for Middling Uplands, and 27@28c for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at from $2@3,5 ℔ bbl. —Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 11@12c, Peaches at 17@17½c for halves, 12@13c for quarters, and 25@30c ℔ lb for pared.

IRON—Pig Metal is held firmly. Sales of No 1 Foundry at $42, and No 2 at $38,50. Manufactured iron commands $97,50 for bars.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices realized from 8½@9¾ cts ℔ lb. 150 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ℔ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at from 4@5 cts ℔ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $15,00 to 15,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

Royal Insurance Company.

The annual meeting of the shareholders in this company was held at the offices of the company, North John street, Liverpool, August 7, 1868. Mr. Charles Turner, M. P., presided. The actuary, Mr. Percy M. Dove, read the report for the year 1867:

EXTRACTS.

FIRE BRANCH.

The premiums received in the year 1867 amount to the sum of £490,558 14s. ($2,202,705, gold), being an increase on the preceding year of £12,293 12s. ($56,410, gold). The ratio of claims, on the present occasion, is less by upwards of 20 per cent. of the premiums received in comparison with the year 1866, and, so far as those two years are concerned, shows a very satisfactory transition from a disastrous experience to one which exhibits a fair and satisfactory amount of profit.

The result of the year at the close of the books leaves, on account of the British and foreign business, including interest, an amount to the credit of profit and loss of £43,281 1s. 8d. ($216,420), whilst a separate amount of profit on the American branch has been realized of £13,027 0s. 2d. ($65,430)—together, $281,-805. It, moreover, enhances the significance of this favorable change to report further, that an estimate made of the transactions of the first six months of the present year exhibits, proportionately for the time, an equal if not a still more satisfactory result.

Almost every special risk in the company books, old or new, has undergone a renewed and careful investigation, and the measure of risk involved has been tested by a fresh weighing of its relative importance. It has been an equal object of desire in this laborious process to avoid in any one instance unnecessarily to raise the rate of premium, as it has been to provide that no risk of unusual danger should be kept on the books that would not yield to the shareholders some moderate probability of reasonable profit. That both these designs have been successful admits of conclusive proof. With regard to the first, it may safely be affirmed that the popularity of the company throughout the world remains undiminished, and has not been in the slightest degree undermined by impolitic harshness in carrying out the indispensable requirements which have been adverted to. So much has this been the case, that the risks which have been withdrawn by insurers, in consequence of the needful correction of the rates, have (so far as the exigencies of the long-continued commercial pressure and the large reduction in the value of produce permitted, which have told upon all insurance business alike) been more than compensated by the influx of fresh insurances. The "Royal" has never had a larger body of constituents than now.

LIFE BRANCH.

The measures announced at the last meeting of the shareholders, detailing the regulations with respect to the projected increase in the proportion of profits to be given to participating assurers, have already had a considerable effect on the life branch of the company's business. The fact that new participating assurances will now receive three-fourths of the profits, instead of two-thirds as heretofore, cannot fail to induce a large influx of fresh business from this time forward. Notwithstanding that the commercial depression referred to has considerably interfered with life assurance as well as fire insurance throughout Great Britian and its dependencies, of which this company has shared in the effects, the progress of this department has, independently of this temporary obstruction, been highly satisfactory. The average annual amount of new sums assured during the three expired years of the present quinquennial period (1865, 6 and 7), is £891,000, gold, $4,005,000. The annual average amount of new business for the last quinquennial period (1859–1864), during which the company's life business had made a most remarkable spring in advance, was yet only about £658,000, $3,440,000. The increase of Life and Annuity Funds in the year 1867, after paying every claim and every expense, reaches the sum of £128,862 5s. 10d. $642,-915. The total amount of these funds, it will now be seen, exceeds one million sterling, five millions of dollars, in gold.

Wanted—

A special State agent by the *Berkshire Life Ins. Co.* None but those having the proper qualifications need apply. See advertisement on page 7.

W. H. GRAVES,
320 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
sep26-2t

It is with pleasure we call attention to the advertisement in another column of the Lamb Family Knitting Machine. Too much cannot be said in its praise. Quoting the *Scientific American*—"The quality of the work done by this machine is certainly beautiful; not only beautiful but durable and reliable in all respects. It will knit anything and that tells the whole story." *Moore's Rural New Yorker* says, "The machine is an *institution* which we can confidently recommend to the public." From the *American Agriculturist*. "We have seen this machine work, and think it the best family machine yet made. It certainly does good work and a variety of it."

HUNT'S COMPLEXION TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

D. T. BARRITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.
Family and *Toilet Soaps.* The very best.
Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.
Concentrated Potash. The ready soapmaker.
Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated.*
Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.
Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.
For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 61, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BARRITT. feb28-1y

Gentlemen, after shaving, who suffer from the smarting effects of soap, will find instant relief in the use of BURNETT'S KALLISTON.

Burnett's Cocoaine dresses the hair perfectly, without greasing, drying, or stiffening it.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar18-eow-tf

What is this Marvelous Antidote to Disease

Which, for TWENTY YEARS, has been winning "golden opinions from all sorts of people" under the name of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS?

It is an infusion of the most excellent tonic, antibilious, anti-scorbutic and alterative herbs, roots and barks, in the purified spirituous essence of Rye.

HOW DOES IT OPERATE?

This question may be briefly answered as follows? It operates

As a.....Powerful Invigorant.
As a.....Preventive of Fevers.
As a.....Genial Stomachic.
As an.....Anti-spasmodic.
As a.....Gentle Purgative.
As a.....Promoter of Appetite.
As a.....Cure for Indigestion.
As an.....Acclimating Medicine.
As a.....Safeguard against Malaria.
As a.....Remedy for Low Spirits.
As a.....Specific for Fever and Ague.
As a.....Cordial for the Aged.
As an.....Antidote to Sea Sickness.
As an.....Anodyne for the Sleepless.
As a.....Wholesale Stimulant.
As a.....Balm for the Weary Brain.
As a.....Relief in Bodily Anguish.

And as a PROTECTION TO HEALTH AND LIFE under all depressing and devitalizing influences.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS is the only tonic in existence, based upon a spirituous medicine that is ABSOLUTELY PURE. sep5-4t

Fits! Fits! Fits! Fits

HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find the *Vegetable Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing

EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

Is there a Cure for Epilepsy?

The Subjoined will Answer.

GRENADA, Miss., June 20—*Seth S. Hance*:—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY,
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.—Price, box, $3; 2, $5; 12, $27. CUT THIS OUT.

aug1-cow10t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.—What diseases are more painful than piles and fistules, and where, says the sufferer, can any cure be found? We answer, there is a sure remedy that never fails; it is Holloway's Ointment, sustained by the testimony of thousands.

A good samaritan for every sufferer from cutaneous eruptions, burns, bruises, flesh wounds, piles, scrofulous sores, &c., is found in Redding's RUSSIA SALVE. Sold everywhere. Its cooling, cleansing and curative properties are unequalled by any other salve. By mail 25 cents a box. Redding & Co., Boston.

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 *times, mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN,
Box 230, Boston, Mass.
je27-tf

Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan.

The only RELIABLE REMEDY for those BROWN DISCOLORATIONS on the face is "*Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion.*" Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond street, New York.
☞ Sold everywhere. ap11-6m

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Mr. A. S. HANDY, of St. Louis, Mo., to Miss ELIZABETH WILLIAMS, of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. JOHN DEAL to Miss ANNE MENDHAM, both of Germantown.

On the 5th of Aug., by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. JACOB Z. RUSH to Miss MARY W. THOMAS, daughter of Edward J. Thomas, Esq., both of this city.

On the 7th of Sept., 1853, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. SAMUEL RAGEN to Miss SARAH A. DIXON, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. WILLIAM PHILLIPS, of this city, to Miss ELLA S. LAMAR, of Williamsburg, Pa.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JAMES W. SHARPLESS to Miss KATE NANCREDE, daughter of the late Dr. Nancrede, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, WILLIAM P. MCCALLA, in his 39th year.

On the 14th instant, WILLIAM HANKINS, in his 62d year.

On the 14th instant, SARAH ANN, wife of John Barry, in her 49th year.

On the 13th instant, OLIVER S. MARTIN, in his 28th year.

On the 13th instant, CHARLES W. KERN, Sr., aged 53 years.

On the 12th instant, A. MORRISON PAUL, in his 29th year.

On the 12th instant, MARY J., wife of Richard P. Harlan, in her 26th year.

On the 12th instant, GEORGE CRAWFORD, in his 67th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. MARY PATTERSON, in her 81st year.

A SURPRISE.

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her, and leave her! thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;
Which were the whitest no eye could choose.

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away!" they said; "God understands."

And then there was silence—and nothing there,
But the silence and scents of eglentére.

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead—

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it. Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now, I will listen with soul, not ear—
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?

"O, perfect Dead! Oh, Dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen; as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet.

"I would tell you, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing,
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah; foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:—

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear—

"And am your Angel who was your Bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY," "THE DEAD MAN'S RULE," &c.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Halford and Ernestine were dressed for the theatre, when a carriage drove up, and St. George was announced. He came into the half-lighted room, brilliant as the young Apollo, and, like him, bringing balmy odors, for he carried two superb bouquets, which he presented to the two ladies as he greeted them. Each bouquet was in a gold bouquetiere, and the one which he gave to Ernestine had on its front a medallion in which was a rose in rubies—while on Mrs. Halford's was a forget-me-not in large sapphires. Ernestine received hers with a cry of admiration, and alternately admired the beauty of the flowers and the brilliancy of the gems. Mrs. Halford bit her lips, said "Thank you" in a constrained voice, and laid hers on the table.

"Are they not beautiful?" cried Ernestine. She looked very handsome, with her hair elaborately dressed, and her opera cloak thrown back and trailing in rich folds over her elegant dress. "What lovely sapphires! I like rubies, however, they are so glowing."

"Like yourself," said St. George. "I believe it is quite time to go."

He assisted Ernestine to cover her head with some fantastic drapery, placed her flowers in her hand, and then preceded them both to the carriage. When they were seated, he ran into the house, and returned with the widow's bouquet, which she had left purposely, he was assured, upon the table.

"There is a favorite actor to-night," he said, as he handed it to her, "and I know that a young lady who had left her bouquet at home would regret it when enthusiasm should prompt a flowery return for all those flowery speeches in Romeo and Juliet. Miss Chalcedon, do you believe that 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet?'"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Ernestine with her pretty laugh, and a vacuity of expression which was made charming by her red lips, dancing dimples and bright eyes.

"Really, I don't wonder the Turks think women have no souls," thought St. George, as he watched Ernestine bury her little white nose in the fragrant blossoms, and examine with entire satisfaction the more attractive rose of glittering rubies.

"Oh! Gerald, where is your bouquet?" said she, looking up, and seeing that the widow's hands were empty.

"I—don't—know. Perhaps on the floor of the carriage."

St. George bent down, and finding it, tried to take it up, but she had her foot upon it. He drew it out—the flowers were crushed and broken. He stopped the carriage, called a footman, to whom he said a few words, and the man disappeared, returning in about five minutes with a bouquet which was still more elegant than the former one. This St. George placed in the holder and handed it to Mrs. Halford, while Ernestine looked on with wide, astonished eyes.

In a few minutes Mrs. Halford moved to the window, as if to look from it. The hand which held the flowers rested upon the frame, the carriage crossed an uneven place in the road, and the bouquet fell from her fingers into the street. Again the carriage was stopped, the footman summoned and the flowers restored.

When they reached the entrance of the theatre, they saw Sir Edric standing in a group of young men, and as the footman opened the carriage door, St. George beckoned to him.

"Won't you join our party? There is such a crowd, I'm afraid that I cannot take care of both ladies. To secure your compliance, you may escort Miss Chalcedon."

"Which box?"

"No. 5."

Sir Edric nodded, sprang forward to hand Ernestine from the carriage, drew her arm within his, and murmuring in her ear something about the press of the crowd, and two ladies being more than one man could protect, hurried off before St. George should repent his generosity.

St. George offered his arm to Mrs. Halford, who took it mechanically, allowing herself to be dispossessed of her bouquet, while looking around for Ernestine.

"Miss Chalcedon is with Sir Edric, who is of our party," said St. George "They are preceding us, as you will see if you look to the left."

She looked, but the result was a confused commingling of strange heads, and unconsciously clinging to St. George, so great was the pressure of the crowd, she hardly knew in what direction she was moving, until she found herself in a private box, quietly seated with St. George by her side, his face slightly flushed and his eyes shining like the sapphires on her bouquetiere. There was no one in the box but themselves.

"Why, where is Ernestine?" she asked in amazement.

"They must have mistaken the number," said St. George; "and look! there they are on the opposite side of the house!"

She looked and saw Ernestine laughing gayly and nodding at her from a box in which was her friend Lady —— and her husband, besides Sir Edric England.

"You need not disquiet yourself," said St. George. "You see that she has a chaperon."

"But I do not wish to have it thought that *I* came to the theatre with *you*."

"That is of no consequence. They will probably think that you are my grandmother."

The box they were now in was number 15. St. George had purposely given Sir Edric the wrong number.

"This is very provoking," said the Dragon. "I only came to witness Ernestine's enjoyment, for I absolutely detest all such namby-pamby plays."

"Let us converse, then," said St. George, "and pay no attention to the play whatever."

"Thank you, I had rather go home."

"But I sent the carriage back, and it will not return until midnight."

"I can call a cab."

"But you will not return now, and prevent me from seeing the play?"

"Certainly not. I am capable of taking care of myself."

"I most certainly should not allow it, and the cabmen will have returned to their stands, the nearest of which is some distance from here."

"I cannot help that; I must and will go."

"Very well, then," said St. George, rising. "But the door is locked, and where is the key?"

"You have the key in your pocket."

"So I thought, but it does not seem so. Perhaps it is on the floor."

St. George went down on his hands and knees and made an apparently careful search in every corner, but could not find it.

The Dragon repeated the process, with the same result.

"We can get a policeman to break the door down," she suggested.

"And figure in all the morning papers," said St. George, "to say nothing of disturbing the stage proceedings and a good part of the audience. You see that the play has already begun."

The Dragon sat down, biting her lips and looking furiously at St. George.

"I *know* that you have that key in your pocket," said she.

"You are not a medium, I hope," said St. George. Pray tell me in *which* pocket it is."

She began to pull her flowers to pieces, without replying.

"You are perfectly at liberty to examine my pockets, if you doubt my word," continued St. George.

"I would not touch you with the tip of my little finger for *millions*," said the Dragon, in a furious whisper.

"I would not bite," said St. George, with an aggravating smile.

The Dragon having demolished her bouquet, the fragrant wrecks of which strewed the floor of the box, now crushed the slender, filagree work of the bouquet holder between her slight, fragile looking fingers, and threw it on the floor, which it struck with an angry *ping*.

"The anger of second childhood," said St. George, looking down on the fragments.

This last sarcasm was too much for the poor Dragon, and not being able to tear his eyes out or escape from his hateful presence, she burst into tears.

"What very *youthful* conduct!" said St. George, coolly. "The drama is certainly affecting, but I do not believe it will make *me* shed a tear."

The Dragon sobbed helplessly behind her handkerchief. "I *hate* you—I *hate* you," she gasped between her sobs.

"I do not hate *you* in the least," said St. George. "I admire your frankness and the naive manner in which you display your feelings."

"I am crying because I cannot kill you," said the Dragon.

"I had rather be killed by you than kissed by any other woman," said St. George, and he gave her one of his melting glances, which had the effect of making her sit very erect.

"I think our private tragedy has been more interesting than the one on the stage," said St. George; but the Dragon did not appear to hear his remark. She was leaning forward, and concealed by the curtain, seemed to be studying the faces of the audience. She did not seem to care if St. George were watching her or not, and with her beautiful profile defined against the crimson curtain, her cheeks flushed, and her eyes clear and brilliant from recent weeping, her lips scarlet and slightly parted to him, she was very fair to look upon. He began to feel some compunction for his severities and aggravations; but not for the world would he leave her suspect it, resolving inch by inch to conquer this woman, whose first sign of weakness had been that shower of tears.

He looked at her complacently from time to time, and she never changed her position, but leaned against the front of the box, like a tigress which has in vain resisted her keeper's power, and having proved his strength, crouches with ruffled feet and stilled rage in the farthest corner of her cage, waiting the first good opportunity again to spring upon him.

The curtain had fallen for the last time, and St. George, leaving his seat, took down the key of the box-door from a small ledge behind the curtain. The Dragon followed this movement with her eyes.

"You see that the key was *not* in my pocket, after all," said St. George.

"I see that you lied to me, as I thought."

"*Lie* is a harsh word. I used a little *pardonable deceit* to procure a tete-a-tete with you; and for the same purpose I directed my friend Edric to the wrong box."

"I will never forgive you," said the Dragon, furiously.

"You do not leave this box until you do," said St. George, pocketing the key.

"I will scream for the police."

"No, you will not, for you do not desire publicity. Think of figuring in a police report as my injured grandmother!"

"I—forgive—you—then," gasped the Dragon.

"Freely?"

"Because I cannot help myself."

"Give me your hand."

She extended her hand at the rate of an inch a minute.

St. George took it in both his, and bending over *it*, kissed it with a long and clinging kiss.

The Dragon actually blushed, and then drew it away as if it had been burned. St. George unlocked the door, and they both went out.

When St. George called upon Miss Chalcedon the following morning, he found her engaged upon the elaborate embroidery of a pair of slippers; which she called upon him, in her pretty, infantile way, to admire; and when he inquired their destination, replied—

"Oh! they are for papa. He is coming to-night."

"But I thought you an orphan," said St. George.

"I have no mother—but the dearest, handsomest papa! I have not seen him for four years. He has been on the continent for his health; and he sent me such a lovely set of pearls from Paris, and some real Florentine mosaic from Italy."

Such a dear, handsome papa, and a widower! St. George glanced at the widow. She was bending over her work, one of those hideous caps that she wore, and in the uncompromising daylight, looked paler, and grayer than usual. But I am ashamed to acknowledge that my hero, blind as the stupid Cupid himself, felt a *jealous* pang as he thought of this handsome, dawning widower.

"Pray tell me what this handsomest and dearest of fathers is like?" said he, tangling Ernestine's worsteds, and glancing at the Dragon. "Are you good at descriptions, Mrs. Halford?"

"I have never seen him."

"I was at boarding-school when he went away," said Ernestine, "and I didn't have Gerald then. Isn't this a lovely shade?"

"Do *you* resemble him, Miss Chalcedon?"

"I believe I do. I have a photograph of him somewhere," said Ernestine, going to a table, and tumbling over several magnificent albums. "No, 'tis not here; I remember now, that I sent it to grandma. But here are some views that he sent me from Paris. Would you like to look at them?"

St. George took the book, and turned over the leaves mechanically. There is so much similarity in all collections of photographs, that when you have seen one, you have seen all. St. Peter's, the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Arch of Triumph, Fountain at Versailles, Rachel as Phedra, the Empress, the Prince Imperial, Victor Hugo, and a score of other well-known subjects and faces, St. George glanced at as he turned over the pages, but suddenly paused, exclaiming,

"What a beautiful woman!"

"I know whom you mean," said Ernestine. "But you never can guess where I found it,—among the papers of my solicitor, Mr. Gassett. I stole it—partly because I thought it pretty, and partly to tease him. But he has never said anything about it, and I suppose that he never missed it."

"I presume there is some history connected with this face," said St. George. "Those old law-spiders live in a web of secrets. It is strange, but the more I look at it, the more certain I am that I have seen her somewhere. How beautiful she is!"

The Dragon now did an awkward thing. She condescended to display some feminine curiosity, and rose to look at the picture. Why should she care to see what was the style of beauty which charmed St. George?

It was indeed a very lovely face; youthful, fair, and sweet, with a certain tinge of gracious gravity such as would be natural to a young creature who was a queen by right of birth or beauty. She had glanced over her left shoulder, curving her long neck in a stately way, and was looking proudly from her large eyes, which were very dark when compared with the long, blonde hair which hung loosely, unbraided and uncurled, but a wonder by reason of its length and thickness, over her graceful shape.

"Do not you think her beautiful?" said St. George.

"Very," said the Dragon. "Such women die in their spring-time. There is no autumnal fruition for them."

"You think that the original of this picture is dead?"

"'Whom the gods love die young.' If poor human nature will look upon the immortals, it must pay the penalty. You remember Jupiter and Semele?"

"You know her, then? It is some one whom you have seen?" said St. George, with undisguised eagerness.

"I am no Bulwer to create beautiful Greek women; her style *is* Greek, is it not? From a handful of ashes, I might have seen the hardened cinders impressed with a woman's shape; but I never should have imagined Julia, the daughter of Diomedo, or the Athenian Ione."

"How mysterious you are! I am sure you know whom this picture represents."

"Perhaps I do, and perhaps I do not," said she, seating herself and resuming her work.

"She is teasing you," said Ernestine. "She likes to torment people;" and she began to turn over the leaves, while leaning over St. George's chair, and to remark upon the different photographs.

Mrs. Halford leaned her head upon her hand, and fell into a reverie. St. George looked at her from time to time. Her features had assumed the mysterious, indefinable expression of the sphynx. When he was gone, she went up to her room, and sitting down before her toilet-table, gazed long and steadily at the reflection of her face in the glass.

"I had forgotten how I looked," said she, aloud. "That poor, silly fool is dead; I am an old, *old* woman."

Dinner waited that evening for Sir Francis Chalcedon, and as the cook was becoming very impatient, the hall-door flew open with a bang, and a couple of porters staggered in under the weight of two huge trunks, a valet followed bearing a valise, and *swearing* furiously, while behind him strode in a tall man, with a magnificent black moustache, upon whose neck, Ernestine, rustling down the stairs with voluminous skirts, flung herself, crying,

"Papa!"

"By Jove! there goes my collar! Well, Ernest, how are you? For Heaven's sake! don't squeeze me so."

"Oh! papa! and I haven't seen you for four years."

"The deuce! You must be partial to dates. I thought 'twas only two and a half."

"It is two years since mamma died, when you were shipwrecked on the Mediterranean, and didn't hear of it for three months, and—"

"Yes—yes. You don't intend to favor me with a full biography, do you? Here, François, to the blue-room, second corridor, left hand side, chamber with armorial bearings above the door." These directions were given in French. "You see that I recollect localities. Your heircessship has improved the old shell, Ernest. This hall is positively gorgeous. Really, what with the chandeliers, bronzes, and carvings I can imagine myself at Versailles."

"Yes, papa. Will you dine?"

"Not till I've changed my dress. Adieu for the present," and the long-limbed baronet bounded up the stairs like a boy, and disappeared around a turning. In about half an hour Sir Francis came into the drawing-room breathing "all the perfumes of Araby" and arrayed in the latest Parisian style. His broadcloth was the glossiest, his linen the finest and whitest, his jewelry the most chaste and expensive which could be found in "the dear, wicked Paris," as he fondly termed the emporium of taste. He was very tall, and very broad-shouldered, with a fine-grained complexion, pale, with the peculiar pallor of dissipation. His hair and eyes were black, the former luxuriant, and with a wicked twist in its thick locks, suggestive of Satan's hair in the famous "Game of Life." But the "crowning-glory" of his person was his moustache, which had never been shaven, and grew in silky, jetty profusion, not forming a straight line above his mouth, but *arching over it*, allowing the color and form of the lips to be seen, and the dazzling, regular teeth, of whose display he was by no means chary. His brilliant eyes, his well-formed nose, his thick, twisting locks were all very fascinating, but his moustache had made more conquests than all his other features, taken individually or collectively. For this decoration was emphatically a *feature;* Louis Napoleon had remarked its symmetry; the Empress had smiled upon it; and by those Parisians who were so unfortunate as to be unacquainted with his name and title he was invariably spoken of as *The Englishman with the Moustache.*

As he entered the drawing-room, the baronet raised the tapering first and second fingers of his long white hand, and gently stroked the jetty luxuriance of his favorite feature—an accustomed movement—and as he did so his daughter rose from her chair, and motioning to a lady sitting by her said,

"Papa, this is Mrs. Halford, my friend and companion. Gerald, my father, Sir Francis Chalcedon."

Sir Francis bowed politely, and as he bowed a dash of color crossed his cheek as if some one of his daughter's words had touched a hidden wound, and fevered him for an instant. Mrs. Halford rose and made a deep, almost satirical reverence, and raised her eyes. They widened gradually, and then fixed themselves in a frightened stare upon his face. So intense was the expression of terror that it seemed as if her hair would bristle on her head and stir the close folds of her widow's cap.

The baronet was arranging his wristbands. If he had remarked her expression, he had doubtless supposed it to be one of admiration, another conquest achieved by that moustache.

"I hope you have a good cook, Ernest." (Mrs. Halford shuddered when he spoke.) "If it were not vulgar to be hungry I should absolutely suppose myself to be so."

The same supposition would have entered the mind of any person who had seen his face when the first course was placed upon the table.

Absolutely he gazes on the viands with eyes of affection and said the Marquis de Meir, one of his Parisian compeers, "Do all the English so love to eat?"

While the baronet was eating freely of every dish before him, and drinking enormous quantities of Sauterne and Chamberlin, which had the effect to make his eyes more brilliant and increase his habitual pallor, Mrs. Halford trifled with the food on her plate, watching him furtively all the while.

"Why, Gerald, you eat absolutely nothing," said Ernestine.

"I am not hungry," said the widow, and when Sir Francis heard her speak, he started and looked at her across the table. She saw the start and the glance, and taking up a glass of wine drank it at a draught.

"Pretty well done," said the baronet. "By Jove! I like to see a woman who isn't afraid to drink wine like a man, instead of sip-sipping it like a cat lapping milk."

"Whatever you endorse must be correct," said Mrs. Halford, with a steady light in her eyes and a glow on her cheeks proceeding from the generous warmth of the wine.

Sir Francis appeared to detect a covert sneer in this remark, for he replied, with some hauteur,

"Having always been a member of the best society, I ought to be a good judge of points of propriety," and then paused as if surprised by his own condescension in bandying remarks with his daughter's companion.

"*Propriety* and society rhyme very well. You have just returned from Paris, Sir Francis. Is good society to be found in the Rue de Helder?"

The baronet set down the glass he had just raised to his lips, and looked at her with a strangely-frightened look, a singular, bluish tint creeping around the corners of his mouth, and making itself visible under his eyes.

"I asked, because I had a friend who was married to a Frenchman, and who lived on that street."

"What was her name?" inquired the baronet, in a hoarse voice.

"I have forgotten her husband's name. Hers was Geralda Mancetti. Her father was an Italian."

Sir Francis appeared to recover his equanimity, and said,

"I know nothing about that quarter of Paris, and, pardon me, but was your friend a *young* woman?"

"We do not always choose friends of our own age," said Mrs. Halford. "Geralda was but eighteen when she married, and it is now four years since that event took place."

"Ah! You have not heard from her very lately?"

"Not for three years."

"The deuce! That is an *age*. She is undoubtedly dead by this time," and Sir Francis poured another glass of wine from the decanter and drank it, somewhat feverishly.

Mrs. Halford's lip curved with a smile of deep disdain, and she bit an olive in half with a vim, as if she for a moment imagined it to be the baronet's white, shapely throat.

A footman came into the dining-room and announced "Mr. Halthorpe to see Miss Chalcedon."

"Will you excuse us, papa, will you not?" said Ernestine, rising, with a little blush.

"Does the wind blow *that* way?" inquired Sir Francis, jocosely. "The deuce! You don't suppose I'm to be left alone, to be bored to death in this empty tomb of a place! Let the wine be carried into the drawing-room, and I will take coffee there *with you*."

Sir Francis examined St. George very critically while being introduced to him, and then invited him in a very magnificent manner to accept of some of the varied contents of the salvers now brought into the dining-room.

St. George declined coffee, but inclined to walnuts and wine, and took a glass of Tokay, which the baronet eulogised in his sonorous tones.

"I dined with the Duke de Monchey, father of the present duke, and he had some Tokay, which he valued at fifty livres the bottle. It was dish-water compared to this, sir."

"I do not doubt it," said St. George, and he looked at Mrs. Halford, who was drinking her coffee thirstily. Her lips and cheeks were scarlet, as if with fever, and her eyes burned under their heavy lids. Then he turned to Sir Francis, and noted jealously his black, twisting hair, his handsome profile, (after the pattern of Prince Albert's), his beautiful, ringed hands, and glossy moustache. St. George detested moustachios. Would the widow be like-minded?

"Take another glass of the Tokay," said Sir Francis. "You and I can afford to drink wine," and he lightly touched his own handsome nose. "*This* never grows red, sir. By Jove! if a man has got to look like the rising sun every time he touches a glass, let him eschew wine as he would the d—l."

"I agree with you," said St. George, and the baronet having arrived at a very happy state of mind, threw one leg over the other, twirled his moustache, and began telling a story which made Ernestine blush and Mrs. Halford go to the piano, where she was followed by Ernestine.

"Let us have song music by all means," said Sir Francis, as she struck a few wild cords. "Music and wine, Apollo and Bacchus, and by Jove! the bow-and-arrow boy will always be lurking somewhere if the grapes are wound on the lyre."

Mrs. Halford played a lively prelude, and then sung the following bacchanale:—

We gather flowers;
They fade and wither—
Our happy hours
Are flown, ah! whither?
Lip touches lip;
Their vows are broken—
A traitor's hand
Receives love's token.
Love is a myth and truth a liar.
Then fill, oh! fill the goblet higher.

Friendship is false;
Wine ne'er deceives us.
The girl we love
Forgets and leaves us.
And if we woo
The bright Apollo,
Our laurel's dust,
Applause is hollow.
And wine, bright wine never deceives us,
But all we've lost and wished for gives us.

In such a song the words are nothing, the voice and expression of the singer everything. Mrs. Halford sung the rollicking air in a sweet contralto, with arch expression. Her voice was not only sweet, it was rich and full, a *young* voice, with warm life in its ringing tones. It babbled from her lips like a laughing rill from a cold, gray rock.

St. George, as he listened, thought he heard a vine-wreathed bacchante singing before the laughing wine god, her purple robe half-slipped from her polished shoulders, her exquisite bare feet and ankles twinkling in the votive dance. He raised his eyes and saw a pale woman in a close

widow's cap, and again the ideal and the real conflicted in his mind as strangely as they had done after his dream of the sphynx. Why was it that this woman always gave the impression that two natures existed in her one person? That her seeming winter had a royal summer? That her apparent poverty of everything which could make life pleasant concealed a wealth of youth and loveliness and exuberant being?

It was plain that the baronet thought only of the melodious invitation to "fill, oh! fill the goblet higher!" for he devoted himself so assiduously to the different decanters, that although his complexion still retained its delicate pallor and his hand was untrembling, his utterance became slightly impeded, and he manifested a forgetfulness of who was present in quite a remarkable manner.

"She sings like Geralda," said he, leaning his arm on the table and looking intently at St. George, "but she looks like the devil."

St. George looked somewhat disturbed, Ernestine tried to smother a giggle, and Mrs. Halford laughed outright. The first time that St. George had ever heard her laugh, and what a musical sound it was! clear, bell-like and emphatic.

"That is Geralda's laugh!" said Sir Francis, attempting to rise, but his head fell upon his arm, and his large person rested like a log against his chair and the side of the table.

"I think we had better call his valet and then go to bed," said Mrs. Halford to Ernestine. "Mr. Althorpe will excuse us."

"Is—is he sick?" asked Ernestine in a frightened voice.

"Very—much fatigued, I should judge," was the reply, and St. George having wished them good-night, they went up stairs.

The baronet came down the next morning smiling, perfumed and in the neatest and most becoming of negligee. It was evident that his intoxication was a polite accomplishment, in which he was accustomed to indulge without any detriment to his good looks or his nerves. A footman brought him a cup of strong coffee, and then he devoted himself to the delicacies of the breakfast table with unimpaired appetite, delivering several elegantly worded lectures upon the proper preparation of certain dishes, and instituting a comparison between the dishes of which he had partaken at the house of this duke and that count, and those which covered his daughter's table. Ernestine smiled sweetly and looked very pretty, sitting behind the enormous silver urn and doing the honors so gracefully; but Mrs. Halford was flushing continually, and her evident scorn showed the arch of her short upper lip to advantage.

After breakfast, Sir Francis retired to the smoking room, and then went to his own room, from which he emerged in full walking dress and went down town.

Mrs. Halford watched his exit from one of the windows of the morning room, and as she saw his stately figure stride down the street, the sunlight glinting on his thick, twisted locks, and lighting up the purity of his smooth, white skin, she stamped her foot upon the floor and said, "Oh! how I *hate* myself! how I *hate* myself!" and fastening her teeth in one of her beautiful hands, bit it until its delicate fairness was covered with crimson indentations.

"Why, *what is the matter with your hand?*" said Ernestine, who was fondling it a short time after.

"It is a breaking out of evil humors, I suppose," was the reply, and Miss Chalcedon dropped it from her dainty grasp, fearing infection.

The widow did not seem to be troubled by this. Her manner, which in private had always been warm and caressing to Ernestine, was grown strangely cold, and a more observant person would have detected the change at once, but Ernestine did not.

That morning the girl had flung herself on her knees before her, and folding her hands, pleaded prettily for a kiss. Mrs. Halford bent towards her, and then saying, "How much you look like your father!" murmured that she had forgotten something, and left the room without kissing her.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WANDERING WAVE.

O soft is the song of omnipotent ocean,
When storms have forgotten to rave,
When slow on the sand, with voluptuous motion,
Comes the wash of the wandering wave.
When like wings athwart the mist
White sails flash through amethyst,
And we may all see who list
Tossing tresses zephyr kissed
By the sea, by the sea;
While young hearts are touched by a tender emotion
At the wash of the wandering wave.

Ah, linger, thou exquisite moment, ah linger!
While life in such beauty we lave.
Ah, speed not the time by the touch of a finger
While washes the wandering wave—
While young eyes are full of light,
While young cheeks with joy are bright,
Care and toil have taken flight,
Life's stern riddle's read aright,
By the sea, by the sea;
And in glamour of magical gladness we linger
By the wash of the wandering wave.

There's a voice in young hearts like the nightingale's twitter
When Hesperus climbs from his cave,
There's a light in young eyes like the love-planet's glitter
O'er the wash of the wandering wave!
And the sweet autumnal time,
Echoing to the ocean-chime,
Fills young breasts with dreams sublime,
Lovelier than the poet's rhyme,
By the sea, by the sea;
Ah, far from these haunts be all cares that embitter,
While washes the wandering wave.

SCENE IN A HOTEL.—Stranger—Have you a good strong porter about the house? Clerk (eagerly)—Yes, we have the strongest one in the place. Stranger—Is he intelligent? Clerk—Oh yes, sir, quite intelligent for a porter, we think. Stranger—One point more. Do you consider him fearless, that is bold, courageous? Clerk—As for that matter, I know he is; he would not be afraid of the devil himself. Stranger—Now, Mr. Clerk, if your porter is intelligent enough to find room No. 117, fearless enough to enter, and strong enough to get my trunk away from the bed-bugs, I would like to have him bring it down.

A MOMENT OF PERIL.

Elephant Hunting.

The elephant, once common in South Africa, down to the mountains of the Cape, has since the commencement of the colony been gradually driven backward before the deadly firearms of the European hunters; till—except in a few localities, where it may not be hunted without special permission—it is no longer to be met with in sufficient numbers to repay the cost of a hunting trip, unless sought farther and farther every year in the interior. The native methods of hunting, whether by pitfall, by the chase of single animals, or even by battue, unless fire is used, seem not much to alarm the survivors; nor would the European, chasing them fairly with horse and rifle, soon drive the elephant from its favorite haunts. But when the hunter can no longer repay the cost of his outfit in this manner, and is obliged to waylay the animals by night at their drinking places, the sense of insecurity comes over them, which in a short time makes them retire to more distant and less persecuted districts.

In fair open hunting, sometimes the successful shot is soon obtained. The after part of the lower lobe of the immense ear marks the death-spot, in which, if the ball strikes fairly, it either breaks the bones of the shoulder, or, missing them, passes into the heart or other vital organs. If possible the fire should be delivered when the fore leg of the elephant is thrown forward, as the skin is then more tightly stretched, and the thinner parts behind the shoulder more exposed. An experienced hunter will know at once whether the wound is sufficient to kill or disable the animal. Without loss of time he will chase and kill another, or perhaps a third, coming back again to take up the spoor (track) and kill the first, if not already dead.

Sometimes the chase is long and arduous, and continues till the tired elephant resorts to the last expedient, of inserting his trunk into his mouth and drawing water from his stomach to refresh himself by throwing it over his skin; when, if the horse be not equally exhausted, his pursuer knows the chase is near its hoped-for termination. Sometimes, (as is represented in our engraving) instead of fleeing, the elephant turns upon its persecutor, and with shrill and angry scream, uplifted trunk, and wide-extended ears, charges furiously. If the horse be already in motion, the hunter may urge him on yet more swiftly, and escape; but if not, terror may seize him at that dreadful scream, and, paralyzed in every limb, he may stand trembling and unable even to make an effort for his safety. Perhaps the rider, throwing himself off, may escape by flight, or he may even shoot the furious animal while it wreaks its vengeance on the helpless steed. Sometimes, before this happens, a daring comrade may ride between him and the elephant, and draw the pursuit upon himself.

Sometimes the hunter has to try the endurance of his horse in fair full flight; and many are the tales I have heard of hair-breadth escapes where the pursuing elephant, determined upon vengeance, has put forth his utmost speed, and the fugitive has at last gained ground enough to dismount and shoot his pursuer as he came up, or was fortunate enough to lead him past a comrade, ready with deliberate aim to bring him down. Sometimes, from loss of horses or the retreat of the herds into the "fly country," they must be followed on foot, and this is weary work.

Many persons, hearing of the number of animals killed by hunters in Africa, are apt to imagine them guilty of cold-blooded and useless slaughter. He contents himself with the "tuskers," lest the natives who follow him should fill themselves with the flesh and neglect to lead him to the animals he seeks. Sometimes he shoots more than they can consume, and finds them too indolent to cut it up and dry it; but more frequently it is a work of labor to keep the supply of meat up to the demand.

LAYING THE GHOST.

A STRANGE, TRUE STORY.

"Will you try it?" said pretty Laura Wilber to me. "Dare you sleep in the blue-room to-night?"

"Dare! There are few things I would not dare for you. I dare do anything that you ask."

"But I don't ask it. I only want to know what you think about this story of the ghost, for I confess it frightens me to death."

"Will you promise to run with your hartshorn-bottle to my rescue if you hear me scream?"

"No, indeed, I'll promise no such thing. I'm sure my knees would give way under me, and I should need all my hartshorn myself."

"Well, then, I suppose the ghost must get me, for I shall sleep in the blue-room to-night, and if I am carried off bodily, or die of fright, I'll leave my fortune to you."

"All right," cried Richard Wilber from his sofa in the corner. "Get that down in black and white, Cousin Laura. I'll draw your will, Fred; let's see the thing through."

And laughingly he went off to get his writing-desk.

"Now for it," said he. "Make your will, old fellow; I'll draw it up in good form."

So I dictated and he wrote.

The will was made, signed, and witnessed, and Laura Wilber was named as the heiress to my large fortune in case of my death ensuing that night.

"I don't half like it," said she, as Dick left the room to put away the document. "It's all well enough for a joke, but suppose something should happen to you accidentally, or suppose you should really see the ghost?"

And her blue eyes half filled with tears, and her sweet face expressed such horror, that I burst into one of my intolerable fits of laughter that always overtake me at the wrong moment.

"Don't laugh," begged Laura; "please don't. Indeed I see no fun in such subjects. Death and ghosts are not to be laughed at; and, besides, I am afraid of Dick; he is a wild kind of man; he has lived in South America all his life, nobody knows where, till he is but half civilized. Did you see how his eyes gleamed, and did you hear him laugh, when you signed your name? It frightens me to joke about such things. Please don't laugh."

"Well, if I were to stop laughing every time you were frightened, I should soon be melancholy enough; but I won't talk about 'such things' if you don't like the subject."

"Burn that silly will, then," persisted she. "Why should you leave your fortune to me?"

And a twinkle in her eye told me she well knew why, but that, being a woman, she must coquette.

"Why shouldn't I, Miss Laura? I beg leave to assure I do not intend to die of fright, but live to enjoy my own money."

"Oh!" was the only answer she made to this somewhat rude reply, but her downcast eyes said rather more. "Laura," I began, impetuously, "who should have my fortune if not you? Do you not know that you possess my heart and soul—then why should not my money follow?"

"Oh! for pity's sake stop. Now you're worse than when you talked of death and ghosts. It's of no consequence, thankie. Good-evening."

And off she ran laughing, leaving me alone.

"Who on earth can account for a woman's whim?" I soliloquised. "Here is a girl as gentle as sunlight, as timid as a bird, full of love to all mankind, yet even she must try to flirt, even she will laugh at a fellow the minute he tries a little sentiment. Quoting Dickens, too. Never mind, Miss Laura; we've laughed together many a time, and we will do it again, in spite of ghosts, and Dicks, and Dickens. I don't like that Dick any better than she does, though. He is an impertinent fellow, and under all his assumed bonhomme, there is concealed malice. I heard he wanted to marry Laura. Well, let him try. Who's afraid? Not I!"

With these thoughts occupying my mind, I went slowly up the old-fashioned stairway, which was one of the chief beauties to me of this old-fashioned house of the Wilbers, in which I had been a guest for three weeks.

Robert Wilber and I had been college chums, but this was my first visit to his home, and I had fallen in love with his pretty sister before I had been twenty minutes within its walls.

I had made up my mind to write a formal offer of my hand that very night, and as I thought it likely that this all-important epistle would occupy me till the small hours, it mattered little to me which room I sat in.

So, making my way to my room, I gathered together my writing materials, and marched off to the haunted room.

It seems that it had acquired its name about seventy years before the period of which I write, and immediately after the death of old Richard Wilber, who, having lived a life of adventure, came home finally to settle on his estate, with a damaged reputation and digestion.

The two conspired to make his life a torment to himself and others, and he hung himself to his bedpost in the blue room, where, it was said, his ghost walked for many years.

It was rumored that he had killed a man in a duel, and that his spirit would not rest on that account.

The room had naturally been avoided, but the story had nearly died out when suddenly strange noises were heard at midnight, and one of the maids, who ventured in the room late one night had been found in convulsions, and as soon as she was able to speak, declared that she had seen a figure leaning over the writing-desk.

It was clothed in a long, black cloak, she said, and had come toward her with menacing, angry gesticulations.

She had screamed and fainted, and knew no more till she found the family around her.

The stable boy also declared that he had often seen a dim, blue light burning in that room at night, and that once he had seen the figure of a man in a long, black cloak pass before the window.

All this terrified the household so that no one of the servants would venture into the room.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilber laughed at the stories, but Laura was evidently secretly terrified, and it was to allay her fears that I had volunteered to sit up all night in the blue room, and, if possible, to "lay the ghost."

As I entered the apartment I was somewhat struck with the desolate appearance of it, but my thoughts were so occupied with the letter I was about to compose, that I did not give the ghost a single thought.

Drawing my easy-chair to the table and arranging my writing materials before me, I soon became completely absorbed in my occupation.

Gradually the house became entirely still; the distant slamming of doors told of the final retirement of the family.

The old clock on the stairs tolled out twelve in long, solemn strokes, and then nothing was to be heard but the scratching of my pen as I sometimes hastily, sometimes slowly, filled page after page, only to be destroyed when written—for it was no easy matter to write this letter.

Too much depended upon it to treat it lightly; every word must be weighed; every sentence duly considered; and what dictionary on earth can furnish the proper words for such a letter?

And what man on earth can know what will suit the woman he loves, when she treats him forty different ways in as many minutes?

"Hang it!" I at last exclaimed. "I'll speak to her to-morrow; I can't write; it's best to speak; but no—she will laugh again as she did this evening! But then, again, her sweet eyes told some tales this evening, too! Yes, I'll risk it. I'll speak to-morrow, and go to sleep now. It's late; my light is nearly burned, and, to confess the truth, writing love-letters is a sleepy business."

So, leaning back in my easy-chair, I began to think over the best way to offer myself.

Gradually a dreamy feeling overpowered me, and although I was desperately in love, I found I could sleep, which was, of course, out of all rule; but I was punished for it.

I began to wander through the loveliest gardens in all dreamland, and Laura walked by my side.

Her hand was in mine; I stopped to gather a rose and gave it to her; but what a strange odor the flower had! Where had I ever perceived such before?

It surely was not like a rose!

Never mind.

Oh, how soft Laura's hand was.

I raised it to my lips.

Hark! what noise was that?

Nothing—oh, nothing! How delicious the sunlight was; how lovely Laura's blue eyes; how soft the pressure of her arm within mine! But why did she suddenly grip me as with hands of iron?

Ha! I felt strangled! Help, help! oh, help!

Struggling with an invisible power, I felt my strength depart; an overpowering pressure on my heart held me back; some subtle essence seemed to pervade my entire being, and controlled it; a dreamy recollection of the haunted room floated across my brain; I struggled again, sank back again and again, but still the dreamy languor that held my eyes closed kept me back, while the pressure on my chest, the throbbing in my head, and the wild beating of my pulses increased each instant.

Gradually I began to collect my senses; I opened my eyes.

There before me, standing motionless in the dim gray light, was a figure shrouded in long black garments!

For an instant my senses reeled; the hair of my head stood up; I shivered as though in an ague; then, suddenly rallying, I called out—

"Who are you? Speak!"

There was no answer.

"Speak!" I cried again; "I know you are no ghost, but a fellow mortal, trying to play upon my fears; do not think you will succeed," continued I; and, with an intention of flinging myself upon the figure, and discovering who it was, I made a spring forward.

But I was held back forcibly, and, looking down, I saw in a moment that I was fastened into my chair.

My hands and feet were tightly tied.

A band around my waist, and another round my neck, completely secured me.

A faint sickly odor pervaded the room; my candle had burned out, but in the gray dim light of an early summer's dawn, I saw the motionless figure still before me.

Instantly a thought flashed through my mind.

"Richard Wilber," said I, "I know you. You have drugged me with ether, in order to terrify me; you have carried your joke somewhat too far in fastening me to my chair; it was a coward's trick to prevent me from administering the chastisement that your insolence deserves. Release me instantly; it is time your play was over."

Still no reply.

The figure remained motionless and speechless before me.

"Do you think to terrify me?" I cried, in exasperation at my helpless state. "Do you suppose that I am coward and fool enough to believe you a ghost? Let this end instantly, or, by my soul, you shall repent it!"

The figure moved slightly, and held out its arm; so doing, it uncovered its face, and I recognized the gleaming eyes of Richard Wilber.

"Look," said he, holding up a small bottle; "I have here what may perhaps be the means of introducing you to some *bona fide* ghosts, my friend, who may possibly be able to dismay your brave soul that you swear by. I *have* drugged you, and you are in my power, for I have but to hold this small bottle under your handsome nose and in a minute you will be dead. Now, listen to my terms, to which, if you agree, I will give you liberty again. Give up all idea of Laura; promise not to see her again, or reveal the transactions of this night, and you are free; but swear on this Bible to keep your word, or else take a whiff of my smelling-bottle to refresh your soul."

"Insolent fool!" I cried, "you have not even wit enough to play the villain. Do you think that we are living in the dark ages, or in the castle of Otranto where a man may be murdered and done away with mysteriously, and no questions asked? Why, I have but to raise my voice, and the family would be around us in an instant. Mysteries are scarcely the order of the day in a jolly old house like this. I am inclined to think you forget that we are civilized beings in this part of the world."

And I laughed as the absurdity of the position struck me.

"I don't see the joke," returned Richard; "there is no mystery about the matter. You are well known to have disease of the heart; any sudden fright might easily kill you; my bottle tells no tales. I shall confess to playing ghost, as a joke, not anticipating the fatal effect; I shall be frantic with despair at the thought of what I had innocently occasioned, and it will be all that pretty Laura can do to comfort me; but she shall; yes, by George! and your fortune shall be the salve that will heal my wound. Come, come, now, you see you are helpless. Agree to my terms, and away with you!"

"Never," I exclaimed, struggling violently, but hopelessly. "I despise your terms and you, and I will never consent to your cowardly proposal."

"Take the consequences, then," said he, calmly advancing to me. "I don't object, my boy; your money is mine, for Laura shall be my wife."

"Indeed, Cousin Dick," said a soft voice behind me; "did you ever hear that it took two to make a bargain?"

And, to my infinite surprise, Laura herself stood before us, holding a light in her hand.

"Be kind enough to release your friend," she continued; "it would scarcely be possible to murder two of us before the household could be roused. Would it, cousin?"

Then, suddenly changing her manner—

"Away," said she, "away, before I follow my impulse and call on the servants to seize you. Oh," she cried, her eyes gleaming fire as she fastened them on his faltering face, "oh, I could see you dragged to gaol like a felon, and witness against you without mercy, were you not of my own blood. Since it is so, I spare you. But do not think that Robert will be so merciful. The papers that you have stolen from this room have been missed; the ghost's errand is clear to me now. Away, instantly, and never see my face again."

As Laura stood thus, in her white dress, her golden hair unbound, her lithe figure raised to its full height, and her graceful arm outstretched, she looked like a beautiful angel of justice.

Richard glanced at her, and his eyes glared like those of a wild beast; but he saw his game was up, and drawing his cloak around him, he stealthily, but swiftly glided from the room, and crept down the stairs.

The house door closed softly, and after awhile we heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs die away.

But Laura did not wait to hear all this before she released me.

Her little white fingers had a hard time with the rough knots; but she untied them wonderful speed.

As she loosed my hands lastly, I clasped hers within them, and in a moment all was said that I had so vainly tried to write, and all was answered that I had so fondly hoped.

We agreed that it was best not to mention the night's adventure; "for Dick's sake," said Laura, and added, "I can easily get the papers from his desk, and no one need know it. I only suspected him, and I don't want mother to know I sat up all night waiting to hear you scream, and ran in when I did hear your voice."

"Oh, indeed!" said I; "*that's* the secret, is it? Well, I'll promise secrecy on that point."

And I never did mention it before; but yesterday, Laura told me laughingly, that I might write the story of how, ten years ago, she and I laid the ghost.

THE MANLY ART.—Fast Young Gentleman—"Oh, you hit a fellow too bloody hard altogether, knocking a fellow up against the wall that way." Professor Slug—"What, my boy, can't yer take a little knub like that?" Fast Young Gentleman—"Didn't come here to take knubs. Came here to learn how to give 'em." Professor Slug—"You can't do that without a little experience."

THE WHITE SQUAW.

A Tale of Florida.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

AUTHOR OF THE "PLANTER PIRATE," &C.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

On seeing the Indian, Cris Carrol felt himself in a dilemma.

But he did not pause long before taking action.

He saw that the man was not watching him, but seemed to have his eyes fixed upon the windows of the adjoining habitation.

Quietly pulling in the iron frame-work which was beginning to feel heavy, Cris deposited it without noise in the interior of the room, and again clambered up to the window. Before doing so, however, he stole his knife from one of the sleeping sentinels.

The Indian outside had still maintained his attitude.

When Cris looked forth again, he saw him with his eyes fixed on the same spot.

What was to be done?

The only thing that suggested itself to the hunter was precisely what he did do.

He crept through the window.

So quietly, that ere the individual below was aware of his presence, he had seized him by the throat and forced him to the ground.

A surprise awaited him when he had accomplished this feat. The Indian's face was revealed, and, to Carrol's surprise, no less than his joy, for not having plunged the knife into his heart, he recognized it.

"Nelatu!"

"Carrol!"

"Hush! or you'll alarm all the red-skins about the place."

"What are you doing here?"

"I've just dropped out of that thar window." He pointed to the opening above.

"How came you to go in there?"

"I didn't go in of my own will, you may bet high on that. I war brung."

"Who brought you?"

"Some o' yur own Injuns."

"A prisoner?"

"That's about the size of it. I shouldn't have been one much longer."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, that to-morrow I'd have been as dead as a man could be, with forty or fifty fellows playing blue-blazes on his carcase."

"Ha! they have decreed on burning you?"

"That's it, lad, and consarn me if I ain't glad to be out hyar in the open air a tellin' it you, 'stead of in there a thinkin' on it."

"Who condemned you?"

"Wal, names hev a kind o' slipped my memory, but they wur warriors and braves of yur enlightened community."

"Why did you not send for me?"

"I thought of that, but they told me you war gone, and wouldn't be back in time for the ceremony."

"How did you get out here? Who opened the window?"

"That war done by a angel."

"An angel?—what do you mean?"

"Jist this; that at one of the corners of that thar eternal hole, a angel appeared and showed me the road to liberty."

"Who was it?"

"Wal, it air no use keepin' it from you—"

"Speak! who was it?"

"I'll tell you, but first listen a spell to somethin' else. Nelatu, lad, I once did you a sarvice."

"You did! I shall never forget it!"

"Durn it, it war'n't for that I made mention on't. It war only this—look me in the face, and tell me on the word of a man you mean square with me. Do that an' I'll put my trust in ye, as I'm now puttin' my life in your hands."

"Upon an Indian warrior's word, I am your friend!"

"You air, Nelatu? Then dog-gorn me if I doubt you. Your hand!"

They exchanged a friendly grasp.

"It is more nor my life—it am the good name and actions of the most splendiferous, angeliferous critter the sun ever set eyes on! It air—"

"Alice Rody!"

The hunter showed some surprise as Nelatu uttered the name.

"Yes, it war that same gal; but how on airth did you come for to guess it so straight?"

"Because that one name is never absent from my thoughts."

The hunter uttered a strange exclamation.

"Ho-ho!" he muttered to himself, "the wind sits in that quarter, do it? Poor lad, I'm fear'd thar ain't no chance for him."

"I fear it," said Nelatu, overhearing the muttered remark; "but, come!—what she has commenced, I will accomplish. At all risks I shall assist you in regaining your liberty."

"Wal, I'll be glad to get it."

"Then follow me!"

The Indian rapidly crossed the open space at the back of the house, and led the way to the edge of the forest.

The released captive strode silently after.

They paused under a grove of live-oaks, in the shadow of which Carrol perceived a horse.

"It is yours," said Nelatu, "follow the straight path, and you are free."

"Nelatu," said the backwoodsman, "you've done me a great sarvice. I'm goin' to give you a bit of advice in return for it—

"Give up the angeliferous critter that's your prisoner; send her back to her own people, and forget her!"

"If I could forget her, you mean!"

"Wal, I don't know much myself about them thar things; only my advice is—Give her up! You'll be a deal happier," he added, suddenly waxing impassioned. "That ere gal am as much above either you or me, or the likes of us, as the genooine angels air above all mortals. Therefor' give her up, lad—give her up!"

Again pressing Nelatu's hand in his, the old hunter climbed into the saddle, gave a kick to the horse, and rode off a free man.

"Kim up, ye Seminole critter!" said he to the animal he bestrode, "an' take me once more to the open savannas; for, durn me! if this world arn't gettin' mixed up so thet it's hard for a poor, ignorant fellar like me to know whether them that call 'emselves civilized, air more to be thought on than them that air savages, or *vissy versey*."

The question was one that has puzzled clearer brains than those of Cris Carrol.

CHAPTER XL.

THE TALE OF AN INDIAN CHIEF.

As the old hunter has ridden out of our sight and forever, let us return to the Indian town where Alice Rody was so strangely domiciled.

Her people had buried the ill-fated Sansuta near the old fort.

The wild flowers she had loved so well had already blossomed over her grave.

Wacora and Nelatu had both been present—both much affected.

The events of the contest had called them away immediately afterwards. Wacora remained absent, but his cousin had made a stolen visit to the town, as shown by the incidents already related.

The search for the escaped captive was carried on for some time with vigor, but was at length abandoned.

Meanwhile the other captive's life passed without incident. The aid she had given the backwoodsman had afforded her the greatest pleasure.

She had been informed of his capture immediately after his condemnation, and was resolved to help him in his escape.

She did not know of Nelatu's presence near the scene, nor of his well-timed assistance.

The Indian youth had ridden many miles that evening, merely to stand and gaze at her window.

To feel that he was near her seemed a happiness to him.

He departed without even seeing her.

Weeks had elapsed since the Indian maiden had been laid to rest within the old fort.

Alice often visited the spot.

And there Wacora, who had once more returned to the town again, saw her.

She was resting on the same stone where Sansuta's head had rested on her bosom.

On perceiving the chief's approach she rose to her feet, as if to quit the spot.

"Does my coming drive you away?" he asked.

"Not that; but it if growing late, and I must return to my prison."

"Your prison?"

"Is it not my prison?"

"It is no more your prison than you are a prisoner. You have long been free."

There was a mournful sadness in Alice Rody's speech which touched the heart of the Indian chief.

"Freedom is a boon only to those who can enjoy it," she said, after a pause.

"And you are unhappy?" asked Wacora.

"Can you ask that question?—you who have done so much—" She paused; her generous nature hesitated to inflict pain.

He concluded her speech for her.

"I who have done so much to make you unhappy. You are right. I have been an instrument in the hands of Fate, and you owe your misery to me. But I am only an instrument, not the original cause. My will had no voice in my actions, and but one motive prompted me. That was Duty!"

"Duty?" she asked, a smile curling her lip.

"Yes, duty! I could prove it to you had you the desire to hear me."

She resumed her seat, and said, quietly—"I will hear you."

"There was an Indian chief, the son of a Spanish woman. His father was a Seminole. Both are dead. He was reared amongst his father's people, and learned from them all that Indian youths are taught. Schools then existed amongst the Seminoles. The white missionaries had established them, and were *still at their heads*. They had both the ability and the desire to teach. From them Wacora learned all that the pale-faced children are taught. His mind was of his mother's race; his heart inclined to that of his father's."

"But why this difference?" she asked.

"Because the more he knew the more was he convinced of the cruel oppression that had been suffered in all ages. History was a tissue of it. Geography marked its progress. Education only proved that civilization was spread at the expense of honor and of right. This is what the schools taught him."

"That is but one side of the question."

"You are right, so he resolved to make himself familiar with the other. The story of the past might be inapplicable to the events of the present. Believing this he left the schools, and sought the savanna and the forest. What did he find there? Nothing but the repetition of that past he had read of in books, aggravated by the lawlessness and rapacity of the present. The red-man was ignorant. But did the pale-faces seek to educate him? No! They sought and still seek to keep him ignorant, because, in his ignorance, lies their advantage."

"Was that all the fault of our race?" Alice asked, as she noticed the enthusiastic flush upon the speaker's face.

"Not all. That were to argue falsely. The red man's vices grew greater as the chances of correcting them were denied him. His instinct prompted him to retaliation, for by this he sought to check oppression. 'Twas a vain effort. He found it so; and was forced to practise cruelty. So the quarrel progressed till to-day the Indian warrior sees in every white man only an enemy."

"But now? Surely you are not so?"

"I am the Indian chief I have attempted to describe. Take that for your answer."

The young girl was silent.

"If my heart bleeds for suffering it is my mother's nature pleading within me. I check it, because it would be unworthy of a warrior, and the leader of warriors. The storm has arisen—I am carried along with it!"

As he uttered the last words his form seemed to dilate, while his listener stood wondering at it spell bound.

After a pause he continued in a tone more subdued but still full of feeling.

"If I have caused you unhappiness, think of me as the involuntary instrument. My uncle was beloved by all his tribe—by all our race. His injuries were ours, it was ours to avenge them. And for her—" his voice trembled, as he pointed to Sansuta's grave—"*she* was his only hope and joy upon earth."

Alice Rody's tears fell in torrents over the last resting-place of the Indian maiden. Wacora observed them, and, with a delicacy of feeling, was about to withdraw from her presence, when she stayed him with a motion of her hand.

For some time neither uttered a word. Alice at length spoke, through sobs which she vainly strove to check or conceal.

"Forgive me!" said she, "for I have done you a great wrong. Much that was dark and terrible appears now just and natural. I cannot say that I am happier, but I am less troubled than before."

He would have kissed her hand, but with a slight shudder she drew back.

"No, no; do not touch me! Leave me to myself. I shall be more composed by-and-bye."

He obeyed, without saying a word, leaving her alone.

For a long time she sat in the same place, a prey to thoughts she scarce understood.

At length she rose, to all appearance more composed, and retracing the forest path with slow, sad steps, she re-entered the Indian town.

CHAPTER XLI.

A TREACHEROUS BRIDGE.

There was one among the Indians who viewed their fair captive with no great favor.

It was Maracota.

His devotion to Oluski had been so blindly true that, in his narrow-minded memory of the old chief's wrongs, he had become bloodthirsty and remorseless. Naturally of a revengeful disposition, he saw, in the leniency of both Wacora and Nelatu towards the pale-faced maiden, too much of forgiveness.

This stirred his evil passions to their depth, and he sought for an opportunity to do her an injury.

With a shrewd guess at the truth, he looked upon Cris Carrol's escape as another evidence of that toleration which ill consorted with his sanguinary hatred of the white race.

He dared not take open measures, but insidiously strove to turn the people of the tribe against their white captive as well as Wacora.

His success was not commensurate with his wishes. They admired their chief too much to believe anything to his prejudice, and Maracota became himself looked upon as a restless agitator—a subject more zealous than loyal.

He saw, accordingly, that any injury to the captive must be accomplished by his own agency; the more so, as he had already endeavored to excite a feeling of jealousy in Nelatu's mind, of which she and Wacora were the objects. The generous youth not only refused belief, but angrily reproved the slanderer, for daring to couple his cousin's name with an act so unworthy!

When a person resolves upon mischief, it is astonishing how many opportunities present themselves.

Alice, although unsuspicious of the enmity of which she was the object, avoided Maracota. She did so from a different motive. She knew that it was he who had fired the fatal shot at her brother; and could not help regarding the act with abhorrence. His sister, how could she?

And as his sister, how could she look upon his executioner without repugnance—more than repugnance—with horror?

The exigencies of the war had kept Maracota away from the town, and for long periods; but the same causes that brought Wacora back, also controlled his return.

He felt that now, if ever, was the time to carry out his schemes of malignity.

He accordingly watched her every movement; amongst others, the many lonely visits she paid to the ruined fort.

There was the opportunity he wanted, if he could only find the means to avail himself of it.

In a community of red men, where everything is reduced, even in times of a temporary peace, to dull routine, it was not difficult to devise a plan of revenge. But it must be unnoticed, or go unpunished, for he had a wholesome dread of Wacora's displeasure, and was not disposed to incur it.

Some days had elapsed since the intended *interview between the chief and his captive*, during which time they had seen nothing more of each other.

Wacora, with great delicacy, had avoided her, and she had kept herself within the dwelling assigned to her, afraid to meet him, yet pondering deeply over what he had said.

In spite of a natural prejudice against the Indian race, she was startled and wonder-stricken at the nobility of thought and rare talent he had exhibited. She did not doubt but that a portion, at least, of his argument was based on false reasoning, but she was not subtle enough, or perhaps indisposed, to detect the erroneous argument. We are very apt to acknowledge the truth of what we admire, whilst admitting its errors.

Alice Rody was in this predicament.

She had learned to respect the Indian chief, and her respect was tinged with admiration of his many good qualities.

This mental ratiocination had occupied her during the days of her seclusion.

She endeavored to divert her mind to other subjects, and to this end determined to pay another visit to the old fort. She was prompted to it by a thought of having too long forgotten the Indian maiden who slept within the ruins.

It was a glorious morning as she sat forth for a walk to the place.

The way was through a belt of timbered land leading to a creek, spanned by a rude, wooden bridge. On the other side lay the ruin.

The wood was passed in safety, and she reached the water's edge. To her amazement she found the creek greatly swollen; this often happened after heavy rains, though she had never before seen it in that condition.

She proceeded along the causeway, leading to the bridge, that seemed to offer her a safe means of crossing.

She paused to contemplate the current, bearing upon its bosom the torn trunks of trees caught in its rapid course.

In another moment she was upon the bridge, and had got mid-way over it, when a tremulous motion of the planks caused her to hesitate. As she stood still the motion ceased, and smiling at her fears she again proceeded.

Not far, however. Ere she had made three steps forward, to her horror the motion recommenced with greater violence.

She saw it was too late to retreat, and sped onward, the planks swagging fearfully towards the water.

Believing it best to proceed, she took courage for a fresh effort, and kept on towards the other side. It was a fatal resolution.

Just as she had prepared for her last spring the planks gave way with a creaking sound, and she was precipitated into the stream.

Her presence of mind was gone, and in an instant she was submerged beneath the seething current of the flood.

She rose again, gave utterance to a shriek, and was again swallowed up, her wail of agony being uttered in the water.

At that moment a face that expressed fiendish delight appeared through the bushes, on the bank; nor did it vanish until assured that all was over, and Alice Rody had sunk below the surface, never more to return to it alive.

Then, and not till then, the form emerged from out the underwood, and scrambling to the rude pier from which the planks had parted, stood surveying the scene.

It was Maracota!

"Good!" cried he. "So perish all who would make the red man forgive the injuries of his race. She was the child of a villain—the sister of a fiend!"

He stooped down and examined the broken frrgments of the bridge.

"Maracota's axe has done the deed well," said he, continuing his soliloquy, "and he has nothing to fear. Her death will be attributed to accident. It was a great thought, and one that Oluski's spirit will approve. Maracota was his favorite warrior, and to please his shade has he done this deed, and will do more. Death to the pale faces—death to their women and children! Death and extermination to the accursed race!"

The vengeful warrior rose from his stooping position, cast one hurried glance upon the turbulent stream, and once more entering the underwood, disappeared from the spot. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Great Earthquakes.

During the first half of this century 3,249 of these visitations were noticed, or about one every week. In Europe, during the last ten years, there have been 320 earthquakes, or one every nine days. At the commencement of the fifteenth century only 750 of these shocks had found a place in history. During the next 300 years 2,804 earthquakes were recorded, or almost four times as many as during all the preceding ages. From those facts it has been inferred that, whatever may be the origin of these up-heavings of the crust of the earth, the phenomena are greatly increasing in number, and their causes in violence. But it is probable, that of late, their number has been more carefully recorded.

Among the earliest earthquakes reported is that by which the famous Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed in the year 63. Fifty-two years after this, Antioch, in Syria, was almost entirely destroyed, the calamity occurring just at the time the Emperor Trajan was on a visit to the place. In 458 it was again visited with an earthquake, and then again in 526, the number of persons perishing in the ruins on this latter occasion being estimated at a quarter of a million.

In 1692, Port Royal, the capital of Jamaica, was entirely submerged by the force of an earthquake, which swallowed up over a thousand acres, and drove ships so far inland, that they floated above the buried city.

In 1772, an entire volcano sunk into the earth in the Island of Java, carrying with it forty villages, the mountain itself, which was fifteen miles long and six broad, accompanying the hamlets and their 2,957 inhabitants.

On the 1st of November, 1755, occurred the memorable earthquake at Lisbon, by which 60,000 persons perished in the twinkling of an eye. Here also was the great tidal wave seen of an altitude of fifty feet. One of the most awful incidents of this earthquake was the sinking of the city quay. This had just been constructed of marble at an immense expense, and to it, as a last refuge, fled thousands of the hapless inhabitants. Without a moment's warning the earth opened suddenly to receive it, and after sucking in the mass must have closed over it, as not a single body of all the thousands that went down, nor the least spar or *ark from any of the ships near by that were* sucked into the chasm, ever came to the top. The water there is near 600 fathoms deep, and at an unknown distance beneath the bottom repose the hapless Lisbonese. This Lisbon earthquake, Humboldt estimates, affected a portion of the earth four times as large as Europe, and was felt in the Alps, on the coast of Sweden, in the West Indies, on Lake Ontario, and along the coast of Massachusetts.

In 1811 the earthquakes on the Mississippi, severest at New Madrid, Mo., shook the ground for many days, and alternately raised and depressed it here and there, the latter sections forming a section called the sunken country to this day.

On the 20th of March, 1812, a violent thunder-storm, with incessant flashes, was observed by the people of New Madrid, and at the same time the city of Caracoas, in South America, was laid in ruins, 12,000 of its people perishing.

The great eruption of Vesuvius in 1857, with accompanying earthquakes, will also be remembered as leading to an immense destruction of human life, variously estimated at from 22,000 to 40,000 lives.

In 1858, June 19, the valley of Mexico was also devastated by one of these devastations, demolishing houses throughout its length, and destroying the costly aqueduct supplying the city with water.

March 22, 1859, Quito, in Ecquador, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake, and thousands of lives were lost.

Voting in Greece.

Voting in Greece is somewhat different from voting in America. The polling-places are churches. Thirty ballot-boxes are placed on the floor of the church, each of them bearing the name of a candidate. Upon one-half of the box, painted white, is written "Yes," and on the other half, painted black, is written "No." A clerk attends the voter, with thirty bullets, and, when opposite the box, pronounces the name of the candidate, and hands the voter a bullet. Passing his arm up a funnel about a foot in length, the voter's hand arrives unseen at a division in the box, and he drops the ball to the right or left, "yes" or "no," as the case may be, and so on throughout the whole thirty. The system is said to insure secrecy and perfect order.

NEW METHOD OF DRESSING WOUNDS.—A new method of dressing wounds has recently been adopted in Belgium. A sheet of lead, one-fiftieth of an inch thick, is applied to the injured limb, and made by pressure to assume its shape. The lead is firmly secured by means of strips of adhesive plaster, and a current of fresh air is made to pass over the flesh once or twice a day. Out of 179 patients treated for workshop or railway accidents at the municipal hospital at Ghent, 169 were discharged cured. The average duration of the treatment was thirty-one days. Of the fourteen who died, the greater number were mortally injured by the accident.

TO PREVENT THE BACKS OF BOOKS FROM MOULDING.—Lightly wash over the backs and covers of the books with spirits of wine, using as a brush the feather of a goose quill. I have used spirits of wine to prevent mildew with equally good effect in other cases.

☞ Dr. Hirsh, of Rotterdam, claims a discovery for making deaf mutes hear and speak.

800 MILES

OF THE

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

Are now finished and in operation. Although this road is built with great rapidity, the work is thoroughly done, and is pronounced by the United States Commissioners to be first-class in every respect, before it is accepted, and before any bonds can be issued upon it.

Rapidity and excellence of construction have been secured by a complete division of labor, and by distributing the twenty thousand men employed along the line for long distances at once. It now probable that the

Whole Line to the PACIFIC will be Completed in 1869.

The Company have ample means of which the Government grants the right of way, and all necessary timber and other materials found along the line of its operations; also 12,800 acres of land to the mile, taken in alternate sections on each side of its road; also United States Thirty-year Bonds, amounting to from $16,000 to $48,000 per mile, according to the difficulties to be surmounted on the various sections to be built, for which it takes a second mortgage as security, and it is expected that not only the interest, but the principal amount may be paid in services rendered by the Company in transporting troops, mails, &c.

THE EARNINGS OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD, from its way or local business only, during the year ending June 30th, 1868, amounted to over

Four Million Dollars,

which, after paying all expenses was much more than sufficient to pay the interest on its Bonds. These earnings are no indication of the vast through traffic that must follow the opening of the line to the Pacific, but they certainly prove that

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

upon such a property, costing nearly three times their amount,

Are Entirely Secure.

The Union Pacific Bonds run thirty years, are for $1,000 each, and have coupons attached. They bear annual interest, payable on the first days of January and July at the Company's office in the city of New York, at the rate of six per cent. in gold. The principal is payable in gold at maturity. The price is 102, and at the present rate of gold, they pay a liberal income on their cost.

A very important consideration in determining the value of these bonds is *the length of time they have to run.*

It is well known that a long bond always commands a much higher price than a short one. It is safe to assume that during the next thirty years, the rate of interest in the United States will decline as it has done in Europe, and we have a right to expect that such six per cent. securities as these will be held at as high a premium as those of this Government, which, in 1857, were bought in at from 20 to 25 per cent. above par. The export demand alone may produce this result, and as the issue of a private corporation, they are beyond the reach of political action.

The Company believe that their bonds, at the present rate, are the cheapest security in the market, and the right to advance the price at any time is reserved.

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At the Company's Office, No. 20 Nassau Street,

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John J. Cisco & Son, Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street,

And by the Company's advertised agents throughout the United States.

Remittances should be made in drafts or other funds par in New York, and the Bonds will be sent free of charge by return express. Parties subscribing through local agents, will look to them for their safe delivery.

A PAMPHLET AND MAP for 1868 has just been published by the Company, giving fuller information than is possible in an advertisement, respecting the progress of the work, the resources of the country traversed by the road, the means for construction, and the value of the bonds, which will be sent free on application at the Company's offices or to any of the advertised agents. **JOHN J. CISCO,**
Treasurer, New York.

Sept. 14th, 1868.
sep26-2t

VERMONT SPRING.

This Spring, which has become so celebrated as a remedy for diseases commonly deemed incurable, is on the Missisquoi River, in Sheldon, Vt. Among the diseases actually cured are Cancer, Scrofula, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Consumption, Salt Rheum, Syphilis, Diseases of the Skin, the Eye, the Scalp, Nervous Prostration, Female Complaints.

It was discovered a little over a year since, and immediately won distinction by curing invalids who had tried other springs in vain, and it has now gained a home and European reputation unequalled in so brief a period by any remedial spring in the world.

Its claims are based solely upon its merits.

It has a healing power, equalled by no other spring known, and analysis shows that it possesses properties found in no other. As there is a liability to confound this with other springs in the same vicinity, the bottles are marked in full: "*Vermont Spring, SAXE & CO., Sheldon, Vt.*"

Send for pamphlets.

The water is sold by the principal Druggists, and at the Spring, and by SAXE & CO.,
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sep5-12t

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aug29-13t

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

ITS DISCIPLINE AND PUNISHMENTS.

A somewhat remarkable article has appeared in the Springfield Republican, purporting to be written by "An Eye Witness," on the system of discipline and the nature of the punishments in use in our navy. This article contains several rather startling assertions of facts, which, whether true or false, should be generally known, and to this end they are here reproduced.

The "Eye Witness," for example, says:—"It will be found that there is an almost total ignorance, even among the best informed officers, as to the ends of discipline, and more especially as to the best methods for securing it. It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that nowhere in the United States were there ever more systematic cruelties practised than on some of our ships of war during the last five years.

* * * "The punishments constantly inflicted during the war, in direct violation or evasion of the 'Articles for the Better Government of the Navy,' were numerous and severe, and some officers, not cruel, thought of the days of the 'cat' at the gangway, and wondered whether we have improved in abandoning it.

"A surgeon of a ship off Charleston had his attention called, upon joining the ship, to the case of a boy made permanently ill, apparently by being kept for hours at a time on deck, with a thirty-two pound shot tied to each wrist, and a running noose around his neck, and fastened in the rigging above, so that any motion to ease himself from the intolerable weight would end in strangulation if persisted in; this punishment being ordered by his commanding officer.

* * * "The universal place of imprisonment is the 'brig,' or 'sweat-box,' for it is the same thing with two names. It is a room built in the middle of the berth deck, closed above and below, without windows, and ventilated only by a few half-inch auger holes in the door, or the sides. Although it often contains four men at once, it is rarely large enough to allow a full-grown man to stretch out on the floor. Yet here men pass their weary days and weeks, being permitted to leave only for the calls of nature, and then under the custody of the master-at-arms.

"In the Fall of 1862, a medical officer on board a ship lying at the Portsmouth yard was called at 10 o'clock at night by the master-at-arms, who informed him that a man in the brig wanted to see him, and when the door opened he found four men standing, sitting, and lying in a space of four feet wide, two and one-half deep, and six and one-half high. They all belonged to the belligerent and offensive negro race. One was sitting at the back of the cell with his handcuffed hands to his face, heart-broken at the disgrace that had befallen him, after a year's faithful service. The man who had asked the help of the doctor had since fallen asleep on the floor, and on attempting to awaken him, it proved to be the merciful insensibility of asphyxia that had so nearly rescued him from the routine of naval discipline. Upon inquiry, it proved that the executive officer had gone to bed, leaving no orders for the liberation of these men. So they were certain to be in all night. A knock on the door showed him to be enjoying the sleep of innocence and peace, and an appeal to the commander, who had only that day reported for duty, caused the prompt liberation of the prisoners. This worthy executive officer was discharged from the service by a board of medical survey for feigned amaurosis, and those in his confidence have enjoyed the excellent humor with which he described how he blundered against his doctor at mid-day and thus secured his verdict. The sweat-box, on one of the monitors, at least, was designedly placed near the boilers, so that artificial heat could, at pleasure, be added to the tortures of confinement.

"There was, in the early years of the war, a punishment beside which the brig was merciful and kind. Let the reader imagine his hands placed behind his back, the wrists securely bound together, and then the other end of this cord fastened to a bolt in the deck overhead, with so little 'slack' that the ends of the toes just touch the berth deck; the shoulders are thrown forward, and when the least roll of the ship takes place, the poor wretch loses his hold upon the deck and swings to and fro, the weight of the body striving to dislocate the arms from the shoulder blades. And these were not the scum of our great cities, nor the habitually degraded European sailors, neither was it away back in the times of the Duke Alba and the Inquisition that these atrocious cruelties were practised; but Worcester county farmers' sons, who did not hear an order to come on deck, were thus tortured in 1863. One night in the fall of that year a man was ordered to be 'triced up' (for that was the name of this hellish crime) for an hour, and when he told the officer that he had no right to punish him in that way, the order was changed to punishment during the pleasure of the officer; and in this case the man was forgotten, the officer went to bed, and his victim hung from six o'clock to ten. A sudden night call, in this awful autumn, took the surgeon to his dispensary on the berth deck, and as the ship was rolling heavily, he steadied himself against the side of the ship, and waited, until a sudden roll brought a swinging body against him, and then he heard a groan. There were three young men, for some small offence, wearing away the darkness of that place, bumping against each other, with their faces so distorted by agony that none of them were recognized even on close inspection."

☞ A Virginia paper tells a story of two travellers in a stage-coach, one of whom vainly endeavored to engage the other in conversation upon various subjects. At last he said; "Sir, I like to talk to pass away the time in travelling. Is there anything you know anything about?" The silent man replied, "Try me on leather."

☞ An amorous swain was nearly killed on Friday night in New York, from absorbing some poison used as a cosmetic on the crimson cheeks of, to him, the "dearest girl in the world." Ladies who owe so much beauty to art, ought always to carry an antidote—unless they want the reputation of "killing creatures."

☞ The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

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We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory, they can be returned, at our expense, within thirty days, and have the money refunded.

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oct30-1y

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aug15-3m

WOMAN.

FEMALES, owing to the peculiar and important relations which they sustain, their peculiar organization, and the offices they perform, are subject to many sufferings. Freedom from these contributes in no small degree to their happiness and welfare, for none can be happy who are ill. Not only so, but no one of these various female complaints can long be suffered to run on without involving the general health of the individual, and are long producing permanent sickness and premature decline. Nor is it pleasant to consult a physician for the relief of these various delicate affections, and only upon the most urgent necessity will a true woman so far sacrifice her greatest charm as to do this. The sex will then thank us for placing in their hands simple specifics which will be found efficacious in relieving and curing almost every one of those troublesome complaints peculiar to the sex.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.

Hundreds suffer on in silence, and hundreds of others apply vainly to druggists and doctors, who either merely tantalize them with the hope of a cure or apply remedies which make them worse. I would not wish to assert anything that would do injustice to the afflicted, but I am obliged to say that although it may be produced from excessive exhaustion of the powers of life, by laborious employment, unwholesome air and food, profuse menstruation, the use of tea and coffee, and frequent childbirth, it is far oftener caused by direct irritation, applied to the mucous membrane of the vagina itself.

When reviewing the causes of these distressing complaints, it is most painful to contemplate the attendant evils consequent upon them. It is but simple justice to the subject to enumerate a few of the many additional causes which so largely affect the life, health, and happiness of woman in all classes of society, and which, consequently, affect more or less directly, the welfare of the entire human family. The mania that exists for precocious education and marriage, causes the years that nature designed for corporeal development to be wasted and perverted in the restraints of dress, the early confinement of school, and especially in the unhealthy excitement of the ball room. Thus, with the body half-clothed, and the mind unduly excited by pleasure, perverting in midnight revel the hours designed by nature for sleep and rest, the work of destruction is half accomplished.

In consequence of this early strain upon her system, unnecessary effort is required by the delicate votary to retain her situation in school at a later day, thus aggravating the evil. When one excitement is over, another in prospective keeps the mind morbidly sensitive to impression, while the now constant restraint of fashionable dress, absolutely forbidding the exercise indispensable to the attainment and retention of organic health and strength; the exposure to night air; the sudden change of temperature; the complete prostration produced by excessive dancing, must, of necessity, produce their legitimate effect. At last, an early marriage caps the climax of misery, and the unfortunate one, hitherto so utterly regardless of the plain dictates and remonstrances of her delicate nature, becomes an unwilling subject of medical treatment. This is but a truthful picture of the experience of thousands of our young women.

Long before the ability to exercise the functions of the generative organs, they require an education of their peculiar nervous system, composed of what is called the tissue, which is, in common with the female breast and lips, evidently under the control of mental emotions and associations at an early period of life; and, as we shall subsequently see, these emotions, when excessive, lead, long before puberity, to habits which sap the very life of their victims ere nature has self completed their development.

For Female Weakness and Debility, Whites or Leucorrhœa, Too Profuse Menstruation, Exhaustion, Too Long Continued Periods, for Prolapsus and Bearing Down, or Prolapsus Uteri, we offer the most perfect specific known:

HELMBOLD'S

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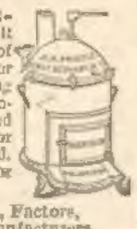

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THIS IS NO HUMBUG!—By sending 30 cents, and stamp, with age, height, color of eyes and hair, you will receive, by return mail, a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage. Address W. FOX, P. O. Drawer No. 40, Fultonville, New York. my2-3t

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Bachelor's Ode to Brigham Young.

I would I were a Mormon,
With four-and-twenty wives,
With twice a hundred children,
And twice ten human lives;
I'd raise me up a kingdom,
All of my kith and kin,
And make a little paradise
For all that dwelt within.

And is it well, oh, Brigham Young,
Or is it rightly done,
That you have over forty wives,
And I have never one;
And is it well your children count
Above five score and three,
And not a single child can trace
His virtues down from me?

You're but an ordinary man,
Your merits are but small,
And what a fractional poor part,
To each your children fall;
While I perchance on two or three,
My genius could bestow,
And might thus prove a parent to
A Newton—or a Poe.

No sewing buttons on, for you,
No rents are wanting stitches,
You have a spouse for everything,
One for each pair of breeches;
And then, when weary day is o'er,
Each evening of your life
You have a house to visit, and
A new and blooming wife.

My love is boundless as a sea;
As certain to endure.
Enough for one young loving wife,
I'm feeling very sure;
Then, what a shame, oh, Brigham Young,
You've one for every day,
While I in single, sad estate,
Must mourn my life away.

How She Became Green.

Mr. Green was a good-looking man, very—he dressed well—was well posted up in matters of business, and had the reputation of being a very smart man. But Mr. Green had lived thirty years without a wife. It wasn't his fault, for he was fond of the society of the fairer sex; owned a fine house, which he rented for his board, and there were plenty of marriageable ladies in the village.

How happened it, then, that Mr. Green remained in a state of single blessedness? Want of courage. Mr. Green was a coward among the ladies. True, he could pick up a lady's handkerchief, hold a skein of yarn, or give his arm in the politest manner to escort a lady from church. He had seen at least half a dozen women he would have married, or who would have married him; but he never could muster sufficient courage to ask either of them whether she would or not.

One evening he was visiting at the widow Smith's. *Widow Smith—not twenty-six* years had flown over her head, and yet she had been a widow three years, and had long put off her widow's weeds. She was pretty, had placed her only child beside her husband in the graveyard, and sighed for a companion; and many a time had she remarked to her friends "she wondered why Mr. Green did not get married?" He was an occasional caller at her house, and would have married her at an hour's notice. But she did not know it. He had never whispered to her of love.

He could talk about the crops—the growth of the village—the industry of the young men, and all other matters which the widow did not care to hear about, but the "one thing" which would have struck her ear as the sweetest of sounds, he never mentioned.

On the evening in question, the widow was excessively annoyed by her domestics. Hardly was Mr. Green seated when Bridget made her appearance at the door.

"Mrs. Smith, if it plase you," said the domestic, "will you look into the kitchen for a minute?"

Scarcely had Mrs. Smith returned, when the bushy head of John, the hired man, was thrust into the door, with—

"Mrs. Smith?"

"How I hate the name of Smith!" said the lady.

Mr. Green's eyes dilated for a moment—he opened his mouth and exclaimed in hurried accents—

"Make it Green, ma'am—make it *Green!*" And in less than a month there was no "Widow Smith" in our village.

A Small Boy's Composition.

Corn are of all kinds. Vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grows in rows and animal corn grows on toes. There are several kinds of corn; there is unicorn, capricorn, corn-dodgers, field corn, and toe corn, which is the corn you feel the most. It is said, I believe, that gophers like corn; but persons having corns do not like to "go far," if they can help it. Corn have kernels, and some colonels have corns. Vegetable corn grows on ears, but animal corn grows on the feet at the other end of the body. Another kind of corn is acorn; these grow on oaks, but there is a hoax about the corn. The acorn is a corn with an indefinite article, but the corn is very definite indeed. Try it and see. Many a man when he has a corn wishes it were an acorn.

Folks that have corns sometimes send for a doctor, and if the doctor himself is corned, he would probably do as well as if he isn't. The doctors say corns are produced by tight boots or shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well he can get a good deal of corn on one acre, but I know a farmer that has corn that makes the biggest acher on his farm. The bigger crop of vegetable corn a man raises the better he likes it, but the bigger crop of animal corn he raises the better he does not like it. Another kind of corn is corn dodger. The way it is made is very simple, and is as follows (that is if you want to know;) You go along a street and meet a man you know has a corn, and is a rough character, then you step on the toe that you know has the corn on it, and see if you don't have occasion to dodge. In that way you will find out what a corn dodger is.

☞ An envious Michigan paper, referring to the numerous meetings of pioneers in Ohio, says that "there was never, perhaps, a state which required so many pioneers as Ohio to settle it, or where they lived so long, and died so often."

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF ONE AND THE SAME THING.

YOUNG MAMMA.—"I trust you slept well, Mr. Mountifidget, and were not disturbed too early. Did you hear the dear children pattering overhead?"

OLD BACHELOR.—"*No*, madam, I did *not* hear any '*pattering!*' What *I* heard was POUNDING!"

Another Piece of Injustice.

The following shows the tendency of the Irish mind to bring England to book for all Ireland's troubles:—

An Irish gentleman, well educated, and moving in a good Irish circle, was on board the boat from Dublin to Liverpool. It was reaching the latter place at ten minutes to seven, and the Irish gentleman said to an Englishman on board—

"I am a lucky fellow—I shall just catch the train to London, which leaves at seven o'clock; and the steward says it is ten minutes to seven."

"Steward," calmly remarked the English gentleman, "your watch is like mine, perhaps, Dublin time."

"Yes, sir"

"Very well," continued the Englishman to the Irishman, "you will just lose the train, because there is a difference of twenty minutes between Liverpool and Dublin."

"Twenty minutes; sir!" exclaimed the Irishman; "it is a deception, a swindle, and a gross injustice to Ireland!"

Famous Kisses.

When the cardinal John of Lorraine was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss, greatly to the indignation of the irate churchman. "How, madam," exclaimed he, "am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the queen, my mistress, and shall I not kiss you, who are only a duchess?" and without more ado, he, despite the resistance of the proud little Portuguese princess, kissed her thrice on the mouth, before he released her, with an exultant laugh. The doughty cardinal was apparently of one mind with Sheldon, who thought to kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys who, after they eat an apple, fall to the paring. When Charles II. was making his triumphal progress through England, certain country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand, in their simplicity held up their pretty lips to be kissed by the king—a blunder no one would more willingly excuse than the lover of pretty Nell Gwynn. Another poet, the countryman of Chartier, had, two centuries later, the honor of being publicly kissed in the stage box by the young and lovely Countess de Villars, but in Voltaire's case the lady gave the osculatory salute, not of her own free will, but in obedience to the command of the *claqueurs* in the pit, mad with enthusiasm for the poet's "Merope."

Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, gave Steel, the butcher, a kiss for his vote, nearly a century since; and another equally beautiful woman, Jane, Duchess of Gordon, recruited her regiment in a similar manner. Duncan Mackenzie, a veteran of Waterloo, died in Elgin, Scotland, December, 1866. He delighted in relating how he kissed the duchess, in taking the shilling from between her teeth, to become one of her regiment—the Gordon Highlanders, better known as the Ninety-Second. The Scottish veteran of eighty-seven has not left one behind him to tell the same tale about kissing the blue-eyed duchess in the market place of Duthill. The late Daniel O'Connell hit upon a novel mode of securing votes for the candidates he had named at a certain election, which test, considering the constitutional temperament of his countrymen, is said to have proved effectual. He said, in reference to the unfortunate elector who should vote against them, "Let no man speak to him. Let no woman salute him!" Gilbert Stuart, the portrait painter, is said to have once met a lady in the streets of Boston, who accosted him with: "Ah! Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your likeness, and kissed it, because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no." "Then," said the gallant painter, "it was not like me."

Chevalier Bunsen, who rose from an humble position in life to great honor, was a man of vast *savoir*, but little erudition. As a theologian, the character to which he most aspired, he was severely criticised by the celebrated Dr. Merle D'Aubigne. The two *savans* met at Berlin, at the Evangelical Alliance, held several years ago. Bunsen kissed Merle. Of course the polite Genevan could but return the compliment. Great was the ado about the "kiss of reconciliation," as the Germans called it, much to the annoyance of Dr. Merle, who had no idea of compromising the solemn writers of theology by a kiss. Besides, he said, he preferred the English custom in kissing to the German. A delicate insinuation that, but the professor meant nothing.

The Rev. Sidney Smith says:—"We are in favor of a certain amount of shyness when a kiss is proposed, but it should not be too long; and, when the fair one gives it, let it be administered with warmth and energy—let there be a soul in it. If she close her eyes and sigh immediately after it, the effect is greater. She should be careful not to slobber a kiss, but give it as humming-bird runs his bill into a honey-suckle—deep, but delicate. There is much virtue in a kiss when well delivered. We have the memory of one we received in our youth, which lasted us forty years, and we believe it will be one of the last things we shall think of when we die."

At Boulogne, during the reception of Queen Victoria, June, 1855, a number of English ladies, in their anxiety to see everything, pressed with such force against the soldiers who were keeping the line, that the latter, in some instances, were obliged to give way, and generally were—to use the expression of our policemen—"impeded in the execution of their duty." The officer in command, observing the state of affairs, shouted out, "One roll of the drum—if they *don't keep back, bite them all.*" After the first sound of the drum the English ladies *took flight.* "*If they had been French,*" *said* a Parisian journal, "they would have remained to a woman."

Bringing Home the Husbands.

One night in October, many years ago, I was smoking my pipe along the road outside one of the little inns in a Scotch fishing village, listening with some amusement to the turmoil within. It wanted only about an hour to closing time, but it was clear moonlight, and from where I stood I could see the dim outline of petticoats on the dark side of the road, and soon ascertained that they were fishers' wives come to re-conduct their husbands home. With the wise intuition of their sex they did not court certain defeat by entering the house or proclaiming their presence, but continued without, discussing their home affairs with the calm tone of decision appropriate to those who rule.

Diminutive women are notoriously the most enterprising and courageous, and at last the smallest among them went to the door, and demanded, "Is Saundie frae the shore here?" A shrill voice re-echoed the call, "Saundie frae the shore, ane wants ye."

"I'll nae gang."

"Gang oot and speak till her, Saundie, or she'll mak' your house het for ye."

Saundie went out, violently impelled from behind by a friendly shove—a fisher, standing six feet and more in his stockings. Then followed a little conjugal dispute. At first he bade her "gang hame," and tried to elude her grasp; she threatened a very little and coaxed a good deal, and there were evident signs of giving in on the part of Saundie. At length she prevailed, and led away her giant in triumph, passing the other women in silence, as though feeling a compassion for their want of enterprise and administrative power. He stood still and looked back like Lot's wife, and more than once, as the renewed bursts of revelry struck on his ear, he made a desperate effort to escape, but she clung to him tenaciously: "Diana cast your een back, Saundie, or ye'll no win hame wi' me the nicht," I heard her say, and then they vanished altogether in the darkness down to the shore.—*Scottish Life.*

☞ Beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because you love and venerate their virtues.

AGRICULTURAL.

To Make Cows Give Milk.

A writer who says his cows give all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight persons, and from which was made two hundred and sixty pounds of butter the year, gives the following as his treatment. He says: "If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cows three times a day water slightly warm, slightly salted in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not found, this daily practice, that your cow will gain twenty-five per cent. immediately under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty, but this mess she will drink almost any time, and ask for more. The amount of this drink is an ordinary pail full each time, morning, noon, and night. Your animal will then do her best at discounting the lacteal. Four hundred pounds of butter are often obtained from good stock, and instances are mentioned where the yield was even at a higher figure."

AGRICULTURAL RHYMES.

When books and papers were scarce, people read to remember, and rhyme was a great assistance to the memory. Thus many of the sayings of Franklin's Poor Richard have been handed down from father to son, and are still household words among us. The following collection was made by Dr. J. C. V. Smith, formerly of Boston, and published in the New York Tribune:

If butter churned in morning air
Is kept in a cool place with care,
The taste is nice;
But that which shows the buttermilk
Don't sell to those who dress in silk—
For any price.

To be in debt
Brings out the sweat.
No half-cooked meat
Is fit to eat.

A woman who sneezes
Ought not to make cheeses,
Put her hands in a muff,
Or ever take snuff.

When the wind is east and turkeys gobble,
It is no time a horse to hobble;
But let him range to catch the breeze—
Should he be troubled with the heaves.

An ox with broad horns and short glossy hair,
Is good for a team, the market, or fair.

One white foot is bad, and two are too many,
That horse is best that does not have any.

A farmer without hogs,
But an army of dogs,
Will have more puppies than pork;
For the swill will be lost,
To the husbandman's cost,—
Dogs good for nothing to work.

The slackest farmer, strange to say,
Is known for being out of hay.

It does not pay in any way,
To milk a cow three times a day.

When chickens roost above the mow,
It spoils the hay for horse or cow.

The well-bred daughter for a farmer,
A prudent helpmeet and a charmer.

It is no place to set poles,
Where moles or mice have dug their holes.

Cobs make no food for kine to eat,
But they are good for smoking meat.

Pork and beans make muscles strong—
Something farmers seek;
It is a dish to make life long,
When cooked but once a week.

A slovenly dress, a shabby pate,
The fences down, a broken gate,
Pigs in the garden, weeds very high,
Children unwashed—no bacon to fry—
Lots of great dogs and yawling tom cats,
Windows repaired with a dozen old hats,
An empty barn—not a spear of hay,
Cows in the clover, horse run away,
Things sold by guess without being weighed,
Bills coming in and taxes unpaid—
Pipes and tobacco—whiskey—neglect,
Drag in their train, as all might expect,
All sorts of trouble to fret away life—
But worst of the whole, an unhappy wife.

Many estates are lost in the getting,
Since men have forsaken hewing and splitting,
And woman their sewing and knitting.

A mackerel sky—
The wind will be high,
Then bring in the grain,
Close by there is rain.

A smoky chimney may be cured,
A scolding woman not endured,
A farmer's wife, like cream or curd—
Is to be seen but seldom heard.

If you would thrive,
Be up by five;
For there is health
And certain wealth,
When at the plough,
Or milking cow.

A farmer at home should be found,
And often looking at his ground—
Inspecting fields, repairing fence—
For dollars come by saving pence.

Clear the soil from moles and slugs,
Prune the trees—keep off the bugs,
Then fruits and melons, rich and fair,
Will recompense for all your care.

Rutabaga, carrots, and beets,
Improve the character of meats;
They make good beef, and quicker too,
Than any other feed will do.

At the farmer's cost
Is an early frost.
Exercise reason—
Harvest in season.

Of all the crops a farmer raises,
Or capital employs,
None brings such comforts and such praises,
As a crop of girls and boys.

RECEIPTS.

PHILOSOPHY IN RELATION TO PIE JUICE.—The time has now come for fruit pies, and, therefore, for pie juice; and we intend to offer a few suggestions for the better arrangement of it. Some people place an inverted cup in the pie, thinking this catches juice that would otherwise boil over, but this is a mistake; for, though juice is found under the cup when the pie has cooled, yet it never entered the cup while the pie was in the oven; for this simple reason, the inside of the cup was as hot as the inside of the pie. Inverting a cup in the pie does more harm than good, for, as the heat cooks the fruit, it also expands the air in the cup, which air tends to blow out the juice from the dish. But if a small hole, say a quarter of an inch, be made in the bottom of the cup, which, of course, comes to the top of the pie when inverted in the dish, the hot air will escape into the oven, and leave room for the juice to run into the cup, which again will descend amongst the fruit on the pie cooling.

"Now, how are we to make this small hole in the bottom of the cup?" says the reader. "Listen, and you shall hear," says the writer. "Take a six-inch flower-pot, fill it with dry sand or mould, then take your cup, invert it, and push it down into the mould or sand till only the top is seen, by which means the inside of the cup is as full of sand or mould as it will be of juice when in the pie; then take a sharp pointed instrument, like an old pair of scissors or a one-pronged fork, and begin to peck away little by little, and you will soon have a small hole, which can easily then be made bigger before taking the cup from the flower-pot. The sand or mould prevents the cup from cracking or breaking during the chipping process. When the cup is used invert it in the pie, but take care that the small hole is free from the crust." Here is a very simple contrivance that will soon prove itself. A grand plan is to make three pies, one without any cup, one with a cup, and one with the cup with the hole in it; then you can see the difference.

SOUR MARTENEAS OR MOUSE PICKLES.—Pick the martenens when the size of a small mouse; leave on the stem, put them in very strong cold brine, let them lie three days; take them from the brine, cover with strong alum, and soak three hours; then cover with cold water to freshen them, changing the water as fast as it becomes salt; when entirely fresh, pour over them hot spiced vinegar; let them lie until seasoned through, then bottle, and pour over them strong vinegar.

COURT PLASTER.—Two spoonsful of balsam of Peru to six of isinglass, melted with very little water, and strained. Mix these well together in a small stone jar over the fire. Pin out some black Persian or sarsenet on a board, and, dipping a brush into the mixture, pass it over the silk five or six times; then hold it to the fire, but not very near, and it will soon become black and shining.

☞ It is said that the wickedest woman in Washington refuses to fan her husband.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 114 letters.
My 13, 53, 69, 1, 104, is what saffron is sometimes called.
My 91, 73, 9, 106, was exiled for life to the shores of the Black Sea.
My 31, 62, 8, 23, 42, 26, was called the blind traveller.
My 93, 114, 97, 54, 85, 110, 7, 29, 80, mourned at a birth and rejoiced at a death.
My 28, 23, 4, 50, 4, 58, 85, 57, 55, 17, jumped into Etna to make himself famous.
My 61, 58, 60, 107, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 94, 63, 19, 70, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 81, 80, 83, 16, 85, 56, 5, 113, 69, 111, was called the crying philosopher.
My 38, 66, 28, 82, 85, 22, 73, 99, 60, 17, was called the laughing philosopher.
My 3, 23, 25, 102, burned a library of 700,000 manuscripts.
My 1, 58, 41, 51, 77, 98, was first found in Peru.
My 67, 89, 36, 44, 33, was noted for its wine.
My 109, 114, 87, 11, 36, 69, 108, was brother to
My 12, 24, 8, 57, 74, who was drowned in the Hellespont.
My 109, 90, 13, 35, 32, 53, 88, 71, 95, 20, was a celebrated artist.
My 96, 42, 45, 64, 54, is a town in Scotland.
My 40, 21, 1, 15, 79, 57, 37, was the goddess of clouds.
My 49, 101, 3, 23, 105, 20, conducted departed spirits before their judges.
My 47, 48, 86, 20, 18, 69, 30, was an ancient poet.
My 6, 18, 8, 59, 39, 11, is a town in Ireland.
My 7, 83, 48, 17, 14, 62, 10, 55, 50, was the prince of philosophers.
My 43, 22, 35, 34, 94, 46, 84, 100, is a town in Canada.
My 90, 78, 72, 65, 96, 11, is a town in Canada.
My 90, 69, 75, 76, is a girl's name.
My whole is a quotation from Tupper.

NELLIE JACKMON.
Stillwater, Minnesota.

Problem.

A man travelled from his house to Pittsburg in 4 days, and home again in 5 days, travelling each day during the whole journey, one mile less than he did the preceding day. How far does he live from Pittsburg? W. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Problem.

Two equal coins are thrown horizontally into a circular box whose diameter is twice the diameter of either of the coins. Required—The probability that only one of the coins rests on the bottom of the box.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraical Problem.

Says James to Joseph, 20 times the square of my age, plus 2684, is equal to 4 times the cube of your age, diminished by 240 times the sum of our ages. What was the age of each? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the statute book like the Grecian army before Troy? Ans.—Because it has Menelaus (many laws) in it.

☞ When was the greatest quantity of beef-tea ever made in England on record? Ans.—When Henry VIII. dissolved the papal bull.

☞ What was the greatest rise in brooms recorded in history? Ans.—When Van Tromp fastened a broom to the masthead, "to sweep the English from the seas."

☞ Which sea would make the best bedroom? Ans.—Adriatic (a dry attic.)

☞ Where should all charming women be buried? Ans.—In Bellegrave-square.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"A torn jacket is soon mended, but hard words bruise the heart of a child." RIDDLE—"Where there is a will there is always a way."

"Prize Problem"—Another Offer.

For the best, complete, correct Algebraical or Analytical Solution of my Prize Problem published May 30, received before the 20th of November, 1868, I will give a copy of "Our Schoolday Visitor" for this year—or next year if preferred. "The Problem is—"In a plane triangle, whose sides are 25, 29, and 36 feet, inscribe three circles tangent to each other, and each circle touching two sides of the triangle."

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.